



ASHERMAN '68

Spockanalia #3: a Star Trek fanzine, published by
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This issue is gratefully dedicated to Dorothy Fontana,
citizen of the United Federation of Planets, and scholar
of the Eugene Roddenberry Foundation for Vulcan Studies.

Live long, and prosper.

SPOCKANALIA

3

Garlic Press Publication #4

September 1, 1968

Extremely Illogical!

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Available for 50¢ in person, 75¢ or 50¢ and 4 six-cent stamps by mail, or pre-arranged trade, from Devra Langsam.

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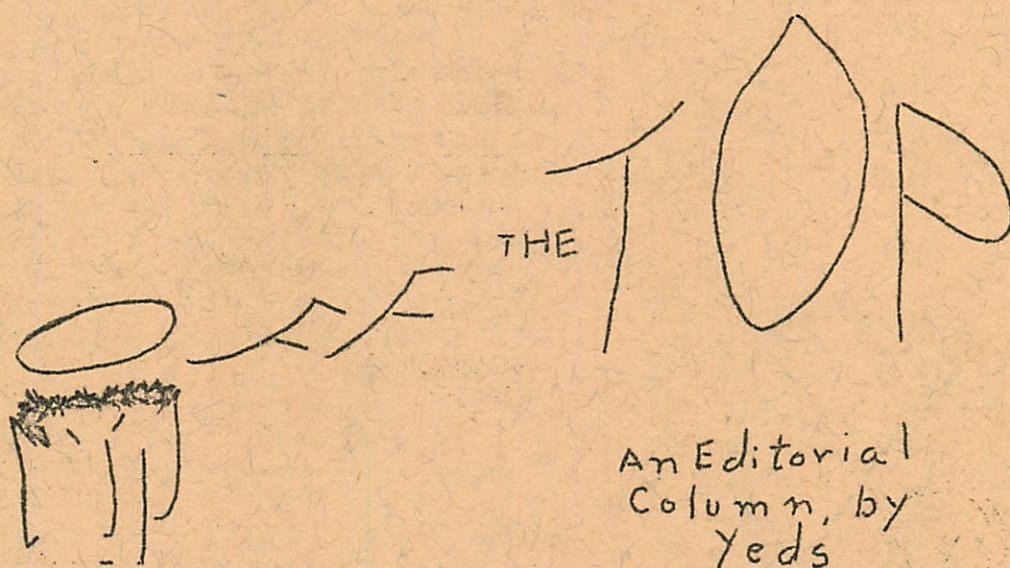
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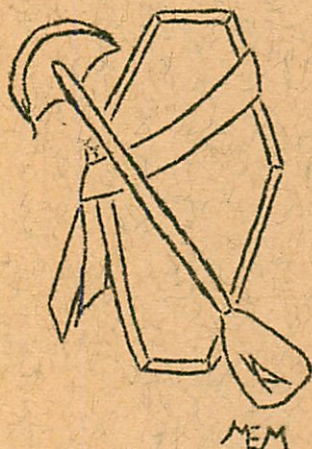
SURPRISE! To our great surprise, we are now publishing the third issue of what was blithely labelled "A One-shot". Insidious thing, publishing. The production of our ~~magazine~~ ~~annish~~ has been strewn with difficulties. Sherna's wedding preparations have limited her fannish activities, while Devra underwent an apartment painting and general clean-up. Nothing like numbers of activities to keep you ~~exhausted~~ alive and interested.

GOING UP: We regret that, because the Post ~~Office~~ ~~Office~~ is being so nasty (charging postage and all that) we're going to have to charge for mailing. (Sorry!)

As of September 1, 1968, all issues of SPOCKANALIA will be 75¢ per copy (or 50¢ and four six-cent stamps) when sent through the mails. Unmailed copies will continue to be 50¢ apiece.

ANONYMOUS GRAFFITI? : The graffiti pages have been well received, and we'd like to continue them, but Sherna is just about out of ideas. We'd like to use the graffiti you send us, but if we put together a page from a dozen different contributors, it will take a large space to acknowledge them. (Also, many graffiti are passed around until the originator is forgotten.)

Sooo...if you would send us your graffiti, and permission to use it without printing your name, we'd be most grateful. And the graffiti page will continue.



CONCERNING THE CAPTAIN:

E.A.Oddstad wishes to say, in reference to her article in SPOCKANALIA #2, that she ~~loves~~ admires Captain James T. Kirk from a ~~safe~~ respectful distance. Now, will the people who are threatening to lynch her please go away - and will the people who are threatening to lynch Captain Kirk please join them?

 "I love Koik." E.A. Oddstad

BELATEDLY: We wish to thank Juanita Coulson for supplying us with the astrological material in our lastish. We weren't sure whether she wanted her name used, so we published it under the name she used on the manuscript.

Also, Fred Lerner, Sherna, and Brian, Devra is sorry that she accidentally left you out of the collating-and-coolie list.

AND INTRODUCING: the newest member of the SPOCKANALIA staff. Our Junior Editor, Debbie Langsam, is chief slave and egobooser (er...encouragement giver?). Debbie is Devra's cousin. She is 18, tall (5'10"), slender, with short dark hair. (If she sounds like she looks like Devra, she does. And they live in the same building!)

Debbie is a Sophomore at Brooklyn College, where she's taking pre-med courses. She studies modern dance and folk guitar, as well. She loves people, cats, folk-rock, and a certain blue-eyed medical officer-cum-cynic. Most logical.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO #4: are now being sought. As usual, we want material that treats the STAR TREK universe as the real world, although our editorial policy is flexible (depending on the phases of the moon and the price of plomeek). We need articles, fiction, and artwork. Artwork should be on thin paper, in black ink, preferrably with no large dark areas.

DON'T LOOK NOW, BUT: In an upcoming issue of LOOK, there

will be an article on Our Boys in Outer Space, written by Robert B. Kaiser. Mr. Kaiser has asked permission to quote briefly from SPOCKANALIA #1 and 2. We are ~~indefinitely~~ modestly pleased with ourselves, and our extremely quotable contributors.

PLEASE MR. RODDENBERRY: Don't let STAR TREK become another run-of-the-grade-B type of science fiction show. There have been some unhappy signs of this, and we're worried.

The wonderful culture you created seems to be slipping. The interplanetary Federation of sentient beings has become an Earth-dominated, U.S.A.-oriented colonial power. The starships are all human run, and the crews all American humans (with a few noble exceptions). The universe has more to offer.

The marvelous science, while it always had its holes, is now becoming moth-eaten, from its cliched inability to learn from past experiences. The "I, Mudd" androids (for only one instance) could easily have solved the "Return to Tomorrow" dilemma.

And why must we be bombarded by planets identical with Earth "except for one little thing." This was handled very cleverly in "A Piece of the Action", but elsewhere it has varied between disappointing and utterly poor.

We both nearly turned off "The Omega Glory" in the middle!

There's a new season starting. Please. Bring back your original standards. Write us another "Menagerie" and let the "Omega" be past. If we fans have any voice in the creation of STAR TREK, then we say, "Keep it the way it was. That is what we want."

SPOCK
by Marian Turner

There once was a Vulcan named Spock
Whom girls all attempted to shock.
"Show emotion!" they cried,
Til it welled up inside,
And he beat out their brains with a rock.



24 April, 1968

Miss Sherna Comerford
Miss Devra Langsam
c/o 83 Lincoln Ave.
Newark, NJ 07104

Dear Sherna and Devra:

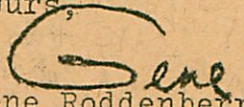
Please forgive me for doubling up like this, but we are very busy preparing for a new season's filming and Bjo assures me that you two are resigned to sharing letters. I hope she is correct.

Yes, I saw the card and appreciated the thought; my shoulder is as good as new, thank you. Unfortunately, my time is not my own, or I would answer all fan mail myself, but if I have a choice of answering mail or producing a good show for you, I think you'll agree that the latter choice is the best one.

SPOCKANALIA is "required reading" for everyone in our offices, and I am most distressed that you were not told of this before. We have used all the extra copies to make sure that every new writer, and anyone who makes decisions on show policy have read your fanzine, and Juanita Coulson's ST-PHILE. The reason for this is that if we all understand what the fans see in the show, and try to understand why they are fans at all, we can then continue to hold those fans. Certain fanzines, and yours is one of them, have a mature and well-written format that is very instructive to our staff.

So thank you for the fanzine, please be assured that it is read and appreciated, and continue to publish it, if you will. We enjoy reading it. STAR TREK needs fans like you two.

Yours,


Gene Roddenberry

the most unforgettable humanoid I've ever met

by Allan Asherman

Note: The author is a staff-reporter for the "Inter-Space Chronometer," which is circulated to the planets, asteroids and space platforms within the confines of the United Federation of Planets. He wishes to thank the following people for their valuable assistance and understanding aids in arranging his visit aboard the U.S.S. Enterprise, a Federation Starship: Joanna McCoy, Doctor Leonard McCoy, Captain James T. Kirk, Commodore L. T. Stone, Commodore Quattl B'Ruolk and the late George S. Kirk.

During the past week of service-time, I enjoyed a most wonderful tour of duty aboard the U.S.S. Enterprise, a Federation vessel under the immediate obligations of Star Fleet Command. From Stardate 3297.2 to Stardate 3304.3 I knew all the joys, excitements and disappointing sorrows that Starship personnel perpetually experience.

Nurse-in-Training Joanna McCoy, whom I met while writing of the fantastic restoration techniques of the Nadournians, notified her father of my desire to live on a starship. Dr. McCoy, in turn, notified his Captain, James Kirk. After an especially long waiting-time, due to a lag in interstellar mail-tape deliveries within the sector being patrolled by the Enterprise, I received permission from Starfleet Command to visit aboard the ship.

George Samuel Kirk, the late brother of James T. Kirk, had discussed the Captain with me when I was on Denova, covering the story of the Karmesh breakthrough, two years ago. He spoke of his brother's eccentric but solid characteristics; characteristics which deserve an entirely separate story. It was at that time that I determined to do a story on starship life.

I arrived by passenger ship at Starbase 11, on the morning of my expected rendezvous with the Enterprise. Lieutenant Stone, the steadfast but extremely considerate man who runs the base, made me feel as much at home as possible, while a delaying 10 days passed before the Galileo, shuttlecraft of the Enterprise carried me to the starship. Only a few days



later, in the midst of the most unforgettable time of my life, did I learn the reason for that delay...a planet-wide plague on Deneva that wiped out many families, including George Kirk and his wife.

The U.S.S. Enterprise, an unbelievably massive and graceful island of life, appeared first as a small shape of credible proportions, then as a gigantic array of metal, lights and plastics gleaming in the glare of a crimson sun. From that moment on, I became a part of the vessel's life. And, along with the regular personnel of the Enterprise, I became fascinated with one phase of Starship life in particular.... a Vulcan-Terran humanoid known as Spock Xtmprsqzntwlfb. Mr. Spock (as he is referred to by his ship-mates, and as he will be referred to throughout this article) is the logic-minded science-officer. Aboard the Enterprise he is second-in-command. Within Starfleet, he holds the rank of "Commander."

In my inquiries pertaining to Mr. Spock, I received numerous helpful observations regarding the enigmatic character of this man of two worlds. Spock's father, Sarek, is sometime ambassador to the Federation Council. His mother, Amanda, nee Grayson, met Sarek during a tour of teaching duties on Vulcan. A friend of Spock's family is T'Pol...the only person ever to refuse a seat on the Council.

Often plunged involuntarily into positions requiring rigid decision, Spock's mind has the ability to reason as a Vulcan while understanding, though not agreeing with, the reasonings of a Terran mind ruled by emotionally induced thoughts.

What does the crew think of Mr. Spock? A variety of things.

Dr. Leonard McCoy, whose assistance first started me on my way to the Enterprise, is a psychologist as well as ship's physician. It is his job to know the minds of the crew, and he is therefore closest to the crew - sometimes, more so than the Captain. In his words, "I'm the doctor and Father-Confessor to a crew of men trying their best of stay human, despite the uniform efforts of Starfleet Command to turn them all into neatly marching tin soldiers being scrambled about by infernal machines. Spock's the exception. He's not trying; it's the very last thing he wants to be. He's a walking, breathing...computer." That, says McCoy, is the image Spock wishes the crew to see. The Doctor goes on, "There have been times, for instance during medical tests, when most people are uneasy, that I've noticed curiosity in Spock's motives. He claims it's a logical desire to know all possible items of information...I don't buy that. He's curious, all right...dam'd curious. But he's fighting to stop people from seeing that. He's trying to be something he isn't, and he's doing

a darn good job of it. He's no reference computer...he's a friend. But there are still times when I just don't know about him."

Captain Kirk, commanding officer aboard the Enterprise, is nearest to Mr. Spock on most exploratory missions and during the "everyday routines" of command. Of Spock's personality, he says, "Spock's all right. He has his ideals...the ideals of the Vulcan culture, which have been taught to him all his life. He could never fit in on Vulcan because he's half-Terran, too. Sometimes I catch him trying to hold in emotions I know he has. He's unique...he's his own kind, and I wouldn't trade him for ten really good men. In this type of life a split instant could mean the difference between life and death, peace and war. Frequently, in that split-second while everyone else is thinking, Spock's reasoned and acted instantaneously. He's always there when I need backing or information....of course he's not infallible. Mr. Spock's a good officer. I respect him for that. And he's also a good friend."

During my time aboard the Enterprise I, too, became acquainted with Spock, and noticed some of these unique traits. I had heard many stories about him before finally getting to meet him. I first arrived on the Enterprise soon after the death of the Captain's brother. During the Denova affair, as Dr. McCoy later told me, Mr. Spock had exposed himself to blinding light-rays. His action resulted in the destruction of the menacing parasitic creatures which had almost wrecked the entire planet.

I had been on board the Enterprise for two days, and was in the middle of a tour of the ship's awe-inspiring engines. Mr. Scott, the ship's Engineer, who loves those huge engines as he would love his own children, was busy expounding on the unlimited virtues of warp-drive. He used technical-manual language that I could not totally understand, and while I was glad to be shown around this section of the ship, and was grateful to Mr. Scott for taking the time to personally conduct the tour, I was also a little frustrated at not fully understanding warp-drive mechanics. My eyes gradually assumed that half-dreaming quality of creeping boredom. But my mind was awake, and trying to grasp the incredibly huge engines which I blurredly saw through the glass partition that separated our observation-deck from the engine-room complex. The bright orange, ionic arc-lamps reflected a strange glow in the glass. Abruptly, someone stepped into the room through the exit immediately behind Mr. Scott. The orange glare disappeared in the shape of the newcomer's shadow, a shadow that instantly caused me to stiffen and focus my eyes. There, in the glass, was the outline of a man...an atypical man: lank, tall, and slightly slumping, as if to hide his

unique physique. I whirled around, and as I did so I caught a momentary glimpse of Mr. Scott, who had evidently noticed the shadow, too, glancing toward my surprised face as he slowly turned to greet our visitor.

Something else had made an impression on me... the reflection of protrusions around the area of the ears. I had been in contact with aliens before in my work, and I tried to remain as level-actioned as possible. I was therefore somewhat prepared for the sight of a human face, human though incredibly tranquil, with a light yellowish pigmentation, slight Epicanthic folds and a pair of gracefully pointed ears which complimented an entirely symmetrical being.

He wore a blue velour shirt which emphasized his lank body. Black pants ended slightly baggy as they belled over a pair of thin boots. It was the uniform that I'd seen on the Starship and was, in fact, wearing myself. But it looked very special now. Spock moved toward me like some machine, in which every action is planned not to waste the slightest bit of time or motion. And he greeted me, though for an infinite instant I could not return the greeting of respectful interest. I felt honored, for I realized this must be the man whose characteristics had been relayed to me through the conversation of at least 25 crewmembers during the past day and a half.



A day later, Mr. Spock provided me with a further insight into his character. He replied, in answer to a question pertaining to his emotional make-up asked him by Dr. McCoy, "My mother is an Earthwoman, my father a Vulcan. I am the product of their union. The Vulcan self is the superior one within me. I am, at various times, somewhat prone to mildly illogical behavior. Fortunately, however, my logical Vulcan mind prevents me from acting irrationally. That I am sometimes almost moved to act unwisely is not a product of the infinitely recessive humanity which may be lurking in the depths of me, much as a predator waits to pounce upon a reasoning organism....Rather, it is a direct result of long-term exposure to illogical beings such as yourself." I couldn't help but smile inwardly at the sight of McCoy's somewhat reddened expression.

"See? What'd I tell you?" the Doctor said to me. "He always answers like that...especially when someone else is listening. That's infinite pride...but he'll never admit it, because he's stubborn; and he'll never admit to that, either!"

Mr. Sulu, helmsman on the Enterprise, is stationed near Mr. Spock on the ship's bridge. Sulu frankly admits to having been scared stiff during his first meeting with Spock, and he still holds a vast admiration for him. "Mr. Spock's a quiet fellow. Whenever he speaks he makes complete sense, and he knows his business inside out. I'd like to be like that...of course, I'd also like to hang onto my emotions. There wouldn't be any fun in life running, leading a charge up a hill on a hostile planet, winning the battle and not wanting to hold a victory celebration. All for the sake of preserving order. Spock lacks the love of excitement, but I don't think he misses it. He has something bigger on his mind all the time."

Communications Officer Uhura is the happiest crewmember aboard the Enterprise. She's young, attractive, and contented with her work. In her own good-natured, musical way, she's the one the crew usually goes to for advice, and the organizer of many recreational activities aboard the ship. Of Spock, she says, "Mr. Spock is real. He exists, he's sure of himself, and he very rarely fails. I like him. I think he's the most exciting person on this ship, outside of the Captain. I can remember times when everyone on the bridge was shaking; even Captain Kirk, sometimes. But not Spock. I sense things about people, though. And I could sense him shaking too, but he'd never let anyone know it."

Living aboard a Starship was an unforgettable experience for me. I made a lot of friends and lived with their emotions. I will value the experience during my entire life. And I am also quite sure that, for a while, I also was very close to the silent, fighting emotions of Spock Xtmprsqzntwlf of the U.S.S. Enterprise.



The
ye
ilous
ye
O's
String

by Joyce Yasner

One dig abloat the S.S. Soapdish Spook had a mirivelous exasperance! As he was walking doon the corinthian he came upon a Yellow String.

"Aharhar!" declared Spook, "a most wondrously fascinating String!" And thought nothing more about it because it wasn't logical - finding Mysterious Yellow Strings and that. Spook proceeded at sub-warp speedy and out the very tiny corner of his eye noticed the String.

"H'm," he murmured logically, "the String is going my way." And it was.

Spook, despite the descrepancy of opium, was now following it. "It's problematically Baloney's String," Spook twitched his eyebrow for effect. "He would leave his disgusting yellow suture strings all over the place! Creating subversively the danger of the dreaded Hoof In Mouth disease epidemic."

By the long and short of Soapdish Spook met Klick, (who was all swords following the Mysterious Yellow String.)

"Boo!" screamed Klick, it was a term of affliction, "why aren't thou on the bridge mining tootsie rolls?"

"Dunno," replied Spook, and stomped off muttering logical formulas.

"Art thou, too, though, following this most rabid String which by some mysterious yellow, art abloat arse shot?" Klick called after him.

"Yes!!"

"Frabjous! I'm coming!"

"Not here," Spook whispered in agitation, "later."

"How can I? I'll miss out!"

"One, oh, oh, oh, one, oh, one...h'm?" Spook attempted to smile and failed miserably.

And the two proceeded at sub-speedy as usual.

Effectually, also as usual, you know, they found the Source of String. A Yeoman, hungrying mellowly, was busily crawling on the floor Scott-taping it to everything.

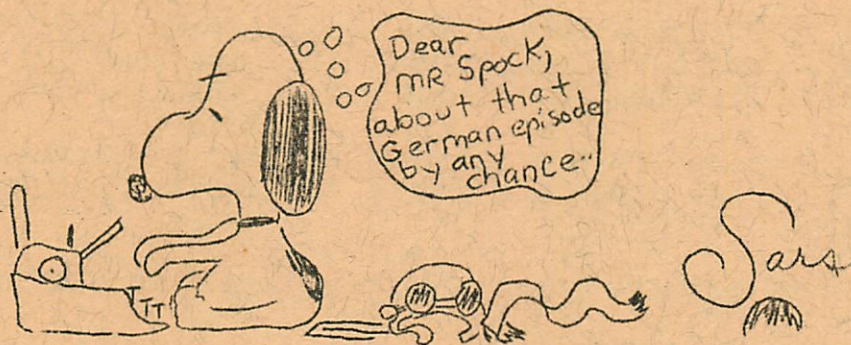
"What arse thou doing?" Klick requested commandingly.

"Scott-taping this here Mysterious Yellow String all over the Soapdish."

"Why?" Klick asked.

"Because," she chagrined, "if I didn't there'd be no story this week."

"Most logical," Spook agreed and walked away.



PROPOSED

STRUCTURAL SKETCH OF THE VULCAN LANGUAGE

by Lt. j.g. Dorothy Conway, Ph. D., Federation Star Fleet

Vulcan is an isolating language; no word ever changes its form. Grammatical meaning (as opposed to lexical, or dictionary, meaning) is expressed by word order and the use of particles.

There are two major stages of the language available for study: Modern Vulcan, spoken from the time of the Reforms up to the present, and Old Vulcan (or "Old Tongue," from the Vulcan /naha dau/), dating from the beginning of literate and historic times until the Reforms.

There is also some internal evidence of a much earlier stage of the language in which limited prefixation and suffixation occurred. Examples of the former are the masculine and feminine prefixes /s/- and /t'/- which begin all personal names; of the later, a number of syllables (-/de/ is the most common) which appear to have derivational suffixes, but to which no meaning can be assigned, e.g.:

/var/ 'form' : /varde/ 'teacher'

: /varan/ 'poet'

: /varem/ 'student'

This Proto-Vulcan language was spoken in prehistoric times, and no records of it survive.

The major differences between Modern Vulcan and Old Tongue - all imposed by the Reforms - are:

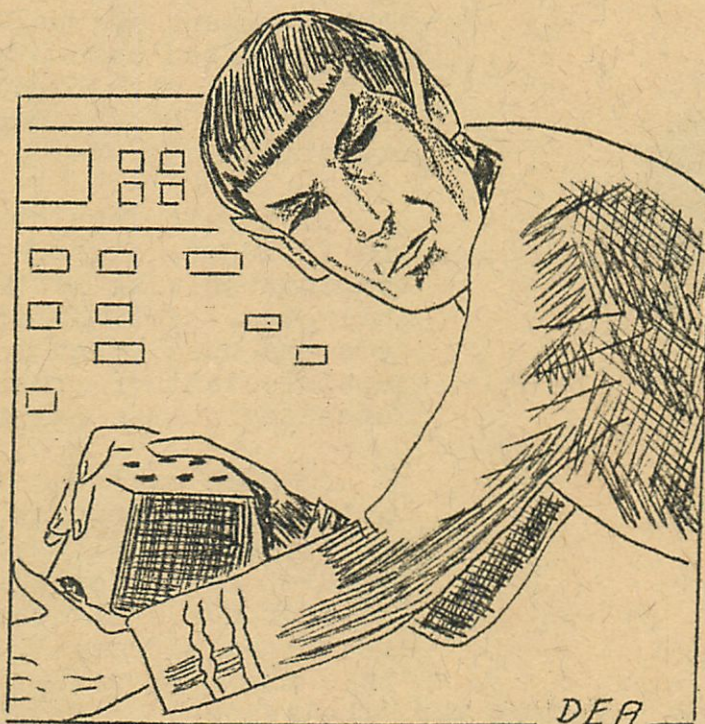
1. Widespread changes in vocabulary (primarily the wholesale deletion of emotional, poetic, and inexact vocabulary.)
2. Standardization and modification of verb evidentials, with considerable meaning shift (see page 3.)
3. Elimination of some irregularities.

Because of 100% literacy and rapid communication, linguistic change since the end of the Reforms has been virtually zero.

The primary structural components in the language are

the word, the syntactic unit, or phrase, and the sentence.

The word may be of one or two syllables; if two, the stress is on the first syllable, e.g. /válka/ 'man', /króyka/ 'stop!', (1) /mo ši vānde/ '(you) have come'.



Vulcan words are of two classes: fullwords and particles. Particles carry grammatical meaning and are almost always monosyllabic, e.g. /ša/ present definite verb evidential, /i/ plural marker, /e/ question marker. Fullwords carry lexical meaning, e.g., /las/ 'sun', /harek/ 'solitary', /mora/ 'burn'. There is no differentiation, at the level of the word, of noun, verb, adjective, or adverb; any fullword may be considered a verb unless its position in phrase or sentence, or a nominalizing particle, shows otherwise, e.g. /kali/ '(to) challenge (to single combat)', /ši kali/ '(he) challenged', /kali fi/ 'act of challenge'. (2)

The unit (or phrase) is syntactically defined, but is frequently indicated in speech by pause and pitch contours:

/endo leni ša gai elu loma mi dadre ša rena
 zač ša lai o leni rano la karek u stoka alu/

"Many stars become visible, (but) the planet is very dark. It is illogical (though true) that the shadowing of one star should cause (others) to shine uselessly."



It was because of this contouring that Sturgeon and other early grammarians often connected the words of the unit with hypens, as if each unit were a single word in an agglutinating language.

A unit consists of at least one fullword, either alone or in combination with particles or other fullwords. Fullwords usually precede the word which they modify; particles either precede or follow, depending on the particle.

Each unit has a definite syntactic classification, e.g. nominal, verbal, adverbial, and can fill one or more syntactical positions in the sentence. Examples of nominals are: /loma/ 'planet', /hai valka/ 'this man', /i vek alu/ '(the) lesser lights', /sarek an/ 'foolishness'. Examples of verbals are: /vande/ 'come!', /mo si lat/ 'has just sung', /sa toran/ '(he) is a leader'; note in the last that what would be a noun in English is basically a verb in Vulcan, like any other normal word. Examples of adverbials are: /ma nai/ 'on me', /van las elu/ 'into sight of the sun', /leni ke med i vek alu/ 'like a star against (compared to) the lesser lights'; notice that this last adverbial contains two nominals.

Pronouns are fullwords and are treated as such. They mark singular and plural number and first, second and third person. The Old Tongue also differentiated "simple" and "honorific" forms of the second and third persons; during the Reforms the "simple" forms were dropped and the honorifics are now used uniformly.

Any verbal must contain a particle known as an evidential as well as the verb. The evidential carries tense:

near or distant past, present, or near or distant future. In addition, it indicates the source (in Old Tongue) or the reliability (in Modern Vulcan) of the information. Thus, the Old Tongue evidentials could indicate (as in Chinook and other Terran languages) whether the speaker had seen with his own eyes, heard about, surmised, or dreamed the item in question. Modern Vulcan evidentials mark the past and present tenses as definite (the old visual evidential), semi-definite (the old hearsay evidential), indefinite (a subordinating particle, used also with questions and relative clauses), and doubtful (used in the Old Tongue legends and older epics). For example, /ša hal/ 'it is real', /e la hai/ 'are you there?', /dre vande/ 'he came, so they say'. Future tenses are marked for high, medium, and low probability.

Syntactical patterns combine units into sentences. The basic word order in the sentence is Subject - Verb - [Indirect Object] - [Direct Object] - [Adverbial]. This order is never altered; any change in word order produces a change in meaning.

The importance of rigid word order in Vulcan was demonstrated recently when a non-humanoid alien made telepathic contact with a native speaker of both Vulcan and Terran English. The alien assimilated English vocabulary and Vulcan syntax, and its first communication was "No kill I," fitting English words into the framework of the Vulcan sentence. The Terran observer was confused, but the Vulcan later recognized it as pidgin-Terran based on the Vulcan sentence /u dare nai/.

This research was made possible by a grant from the Eugene Roddenberry Foundation for Vulcan Studies.



-
- (1) In Sturgeon's transcription, "Kroykah."
 - (2) In Sturgeon's transcription, "Kal-if-fee."

DUTY BRIEFING: STORES^{AN} SUPPLY

by Juanita Coulson

Since you new people have by and large never served on a starship before, I wish to take this opportunity to welcome you aboard the USS Enterprise. I have your dossiers here, and I see with its usual efficiency BuPers has assigned us people with little or no combat familiarity. Of course, in Stores we are not required to participate in actual battle activities; but you will quickly learn when a red alert sounds that there are no hiding places on a starship. I suggest you study your tape manuals diligently - and practice being inconspicuous during battle drills.

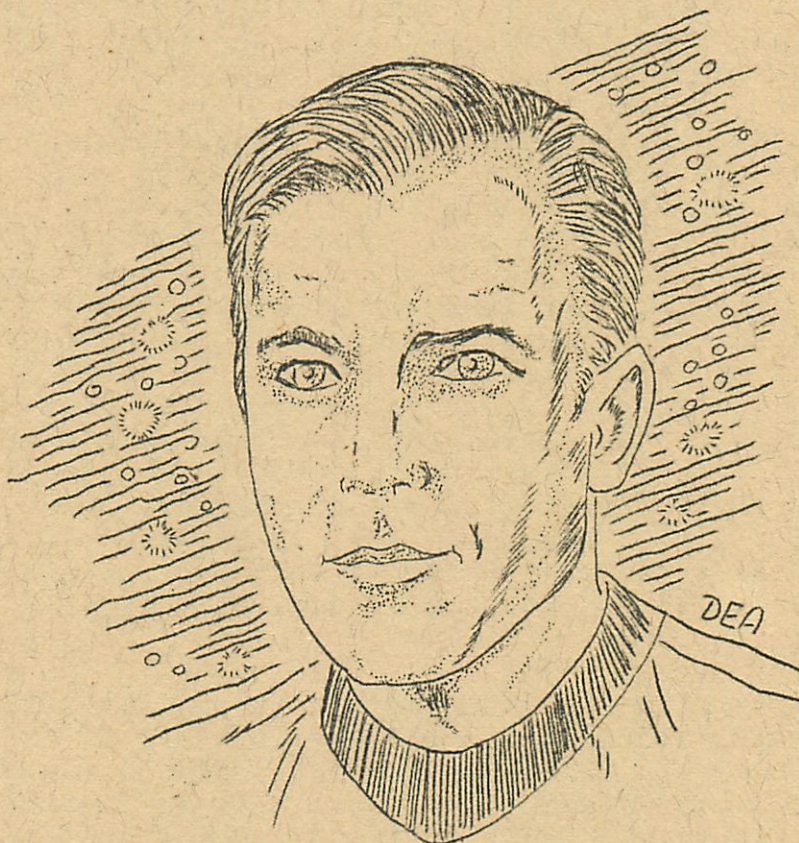
Lts. Mpele and Villela will be your O.D.s during your training period, but I anticipate few difficulties. As you will see, our Redress & Recompute Station is very similar to those used at most Star Bases. The design may be slightly different, but here as there ship's personnel will return soiled, damaged or reclaimable clothing to this unit, where it will be fed to the Cleaning And/Or Breakdown Compartment to be restored or rewoven and reissued at this terminal. Little will be required of you, since personnel can place their orders through the usual voice commands to the computer.

Now, our Recompute Unit is used far less than those at Star Bases. Our crew keeps itself in trim and is less prone to - shall we say - ballooning and shifts in proportions that will require the computer to recalibrate their on-file records. However, should anyone need assistance, you will serve. This is our weighing table and computer scan equipment. You'll take charge of the crew member's old wardrobe and see the computer issues a full set of altered dress - the computer does malfunction occasionally, and it doesn't hurt to check. If you need any help, ask Lt. Mpele to overlook.

And you'll find, as a footnote, that our crew people are considerably less privacy conscious than the ambassadors and embassy staff you've served in the past.

But this is all mechanics. Beyond watching for possible malfunctions, the computer will do the workhorse chores for you.

Remember: During alert status all Stores computer outlets are to be put on standby automatically and instantly. This is a starship, not a pleasure craft - they need the computers for something besides a change of clothing. Shut down immediately if you're on duty; it'll save you trouble. No arguments. Nobody's likely to want a fresh blouse or tunic



during a red alert.

I'm not forgetting your specialties, and I'm getting to that. I see the three of you already have experience in trim and alteration work for embassy staffs at Star Bases. You'll find such work aboard a starship is far more interesting. In fact, if you volunteered because you enjoyed the atavistic art of costume-making and hoped starship duty would give you more scope, you're entirely right. A starship encounters many varied species and civilizations, and we never know when we'll need to supply a landing party with challenging special costumes or unusual materials and designs.

Most such work will be needed for two divisions: bridge

personnel - including Chief Surgeon McCoy; and Security personnel. Lt. Villela has specialized in costuming and supply for Security, and she'll fill you in a bit later. Right now, I'll discuss the necessary basics you'll need to know in designing for the pertinent bridge personnel. When they need something, they need it quickly, and it's important you know your subjects and their measurements well. The computer will, of course, handle general calculations, but final fitting to suit the special idiosyncrasies of the individuals will be your department.

Consult your charts, please. First chart is Captain Kirk. As you see, he is a solid, muscular man, and our experience informs us he's likely to be involved in planetside operations which require much physical activity, even strenuous contortions. Recommendations: raglan sleeve construction wherever possible, or inserts of stretch fabric. It is very important his movement be unhampered, no matter what the planetary customs or historical demands. If possible, our captain should have extreme freedom of movement without resultant disintegration of his costume under stress conditions. And I warn you, if his activity is limited by a clumsy finishing detail - say, an excessively tight collar or too firmly set gusset - you will hear from him. A word to the wise. This is not because he is a martinet, but because his life or that of someone else in the landing party may depend on such a detail.

As you will see, the Captain is solidly built, with notable chest, shoulder and arm development, of average height, erect carriage. Finishing suggestions: darting will be needed at the natural waistline, particularly in back. This should be done carefully to insure good fit. You will note the Captain has a chest and diaphragm proportions which tapers sharply, and darts will improve the fit of tunics and jackets immeasurably. Darts should be tapered rather than squared.

And a final word; it wouldn't hurt to use special care on decorative details, if any - make certain they are as perfect as you can make them in the time allowed; after all, he is the Captain.

Turn to chart 2. Commander Spock is half-Vulcan, and I suggest that if you have never dealt with Vulcans you pay close attention. Our Executive Officer often accompanies or leads landing parties, and you'll need to know his characteristics as well as the Captain's. Certain of Mr. Spock's Vulcan features have presented special problems for us in the

past. For example, it has been necessary to conceal his ears; they make him unduly conspicuous on planets populated by peoples unfamiliar with Vulcans, and their attention could create a dangerous situation for him or other members of the landing party. Not all such planetary civilizations will be in such an excitable stage of development of course, but we must be prepared.

Mr. Spock has a comparatively short straight torso and contrastingly long limbs. Ensign Schwartz? Yes, I see you've spotted the classification: 42J, Old Earth Ukrainian division. But you will find Mr. Spock requires distinctively Vulcan adaptations your manuals did not specify. He does have a long but thick neck and excessively long and thin extremities. You will also find that due to his Vulcan physiology, he needs warm, well-lined clothing on all but the warmest planets, and will wear cold weather equipment suitliners even under ordinary uniforms. Discomfort of this sort could be hazardous should he be on a landing party, so make note of the fact.

Mr. Spock does not generally care for ornate trim, but will make no complaint if the planetary conditions make this necessary. He is also quite willing to wear garments with hoods or concealing caps to disguise his ears. Though not as active, generally, as the Captain, freedom of movement should also be a consideration in finishing details on dress designed for Mr. Spock. Darting will be minimal in tunics or jackets, but please double check the computer for length of the garment. You will note the Executive Officer has, by our standards, not a notably erect posture, but this is typical for this physique and height, and make your adjustments to take care of this. While details should be competently finished, you'll get no compliments from Mr. Spock for unnecessary frills, and don't think to make points that way; he'll appreciate speed and accuracy more.

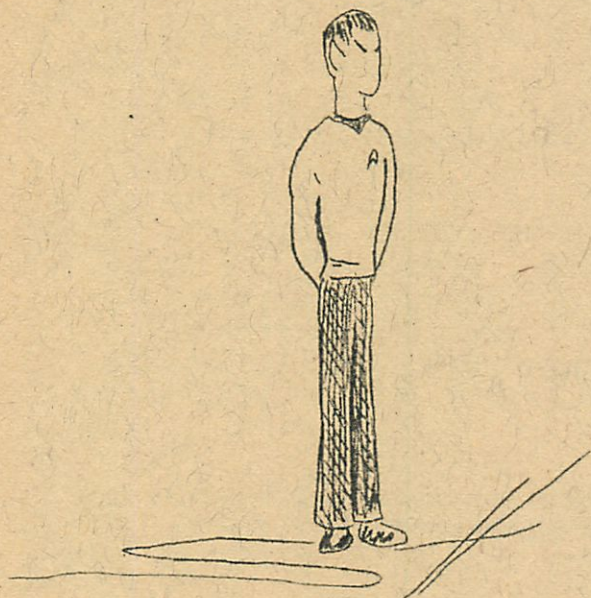


Chart 3, Dr. McCoy: somewhat more slender than the Captain, moderate height, tends toward the strung-bow posture and tends to put a strain on chest expansion

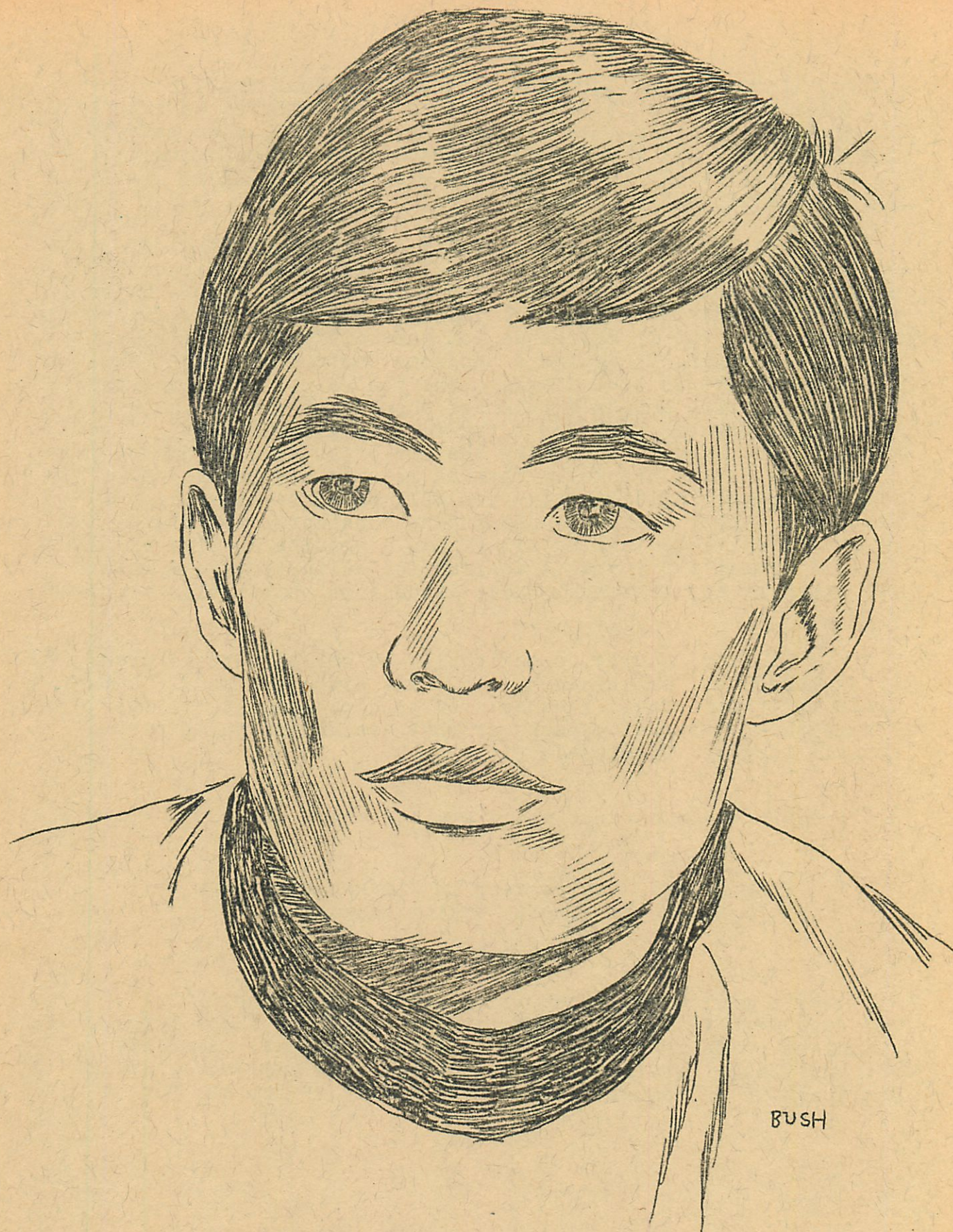
measurements when he does so. Stretch materials when possible. The doctor has a shorter torso than Captain Kirk, but the difference will only be apparent to those of us in this department who need to deal with such things. It is necessary, of course, to always if possible make costume accommodations for Dr. McCoy's medical equipment. He doesn't require a very large receptacle for such supplies, but he does insist on taking them with him, with reason. You may occasionally need design ingenuity to create a device in which such medical supplies may be carried unseen, but I'm certain you're all imaginative people, or you wouldn't have been chosen for deep space service.

You have some other charts here which are largely for reference. We must be prepared to costume these bridge personnel as well as Captain Kirk, Mr. Spock and Dr. McCoy, though not as frequently. As always, when the demand comes, it will be for instant service, so your attention please.

Mr. Sulu, ship's helmsman, has accompanied landing parties, and costume was required at times - and presumably will be in the future. He has a wiry frame and athletic tendencies, and it would be well to follow the same precautions on fabric recommendations that applied to the Captain. Posture is very erect, limbs and torso well-proportioned. I don't anticipate any special difficulties for you. It has not yet been necessary to disguise Mr. Sulu's features, but one expects makeup division to study his physiognomy - as they will all landing party candidates - and do a proper job.

Lt. Uhura is of moderate height, with a well-developed figure. You will need a great deal of waistline darting - sharp tapers - to accommodate her bust-waist adjustment. Understandably, the Lieutenant likes an attractive, if sometimes snug, blouse fit, but you will follow the dictates of the fashion of the planet in question. Not all worlds are liberal in dress. In the same department, Miss Uhura prefers a very brief waist-hem measurement, but this is not always possible. Again, to adjust for comfortable and neat fit, you'll need to drop the back waistband if you have a waistband - or dart deeply in back at the natural waistline, with sharp tapers. The Lieutenant has her own opinions on dress, and unless it affects a problem in security, try to comply; when someone feels comfortable and confident in her dress, she will likely do a better job planetside, and that, after all, is what we're trying to foster.

Lt. Commander Scott should present no particular problems for you. Measurements well within normal specs: average



torso, limbs neither long nor short, etc. Your problem with Mr. Scott will be that usually he can't be bothered to express an opinion about a matter of clothing. You will also have to insist that he not try to adjust the Stores computing unit; it's very difficult to fit someone when he's trying to crawl inside the circuitry access.

Ensign Chekov will occasionally accompany landing parties - chart seven, Miss deBello. You will note he is of moderate height, slender, and with rather bad posture. We're not sure if this is a personal idiosyncrasy or an imitation of Mr. Spock, but it may cause you some difficulty. I know it's discouraging to design a handsome costume and have someone not wear it to best display, but you're not dressing fashion models. The Ensign's thinness should not give you any particular trouble, but don't try to make him stand up straight when you're computing the hem of a tunic or jacket - it will only hang crookedly when he resumes his normal posture. A psychological hint: you will often be able to convince Mr. Chekov to wear something he considers distasteful or unattractive by telling him it has a genuine Russian ancestry. I wouldn't try that - adapted for cultural type - with any other of our personnel under discussion, particularly Mr. Spock.

We will, of course, occasionally be called upon to dress guest personnel, ambassadors, etc., but since you've all had training in that field I expect you to cope readily. I will deal with any unusual aspects of that assignment in my next general review. Dismissed.

* * * * *

From savage jungles deep in Klingon territory
comes the latest fashion sensation:

TRIBBLE FUR

For a ridiculously low price, plus nominal shipping charges, we will send to your furrier enough of these large, luxuriant pelts to make a stole, jacket, or coat. Send now for our lovely catalog, only Cr 5, from Mudd and Jones, Space Station K-2. Remember: hurry! The supply of Tribble fur is

LIMITED



ASHERMAN '68

A SLANDEROUS SONG

by Devra Langsam, Debbie Langsam, and Joyce Yasner

To be sung to the tune "The Sloop John B"

The yeoman she got stewed;
 She danced in the corridor nude;
 They had to send for Spock to take her away;
 Oh what a waste.
 He is so chaste;
 The Captain missed out
 On something that day.

CHORUS:

So start up the starship's drive;
 They're roasting Chekov alive.
 Send for Captain Kirk - he's down on the deck;
 With whom does he neck?
 He gives not a heck.
 Between those bedsheets
 He's willing to dive.

Oh Christine she was grey,
 She asked Spock for a lay;
 Send for Dr. McCoy - give him a call;
 She's off her wall.
 For any she'll fall.
 The line in the corridor's longer each day.

CHORUS



DML

VULCAN NUTRITION

by Tom Bulmer

The well known green of Vulcan blood is due to the presence of bodies involved in oxidation metabolism, just as the red of human blood is due to red blood cells (erythrocytes, if we must be technical. It says the same thing, anyway.)

Here the similarity ends. According to recent theory, Vulcan blood cells do not begin as true cells, but as highly structured bodies analagous to extra-cellular chloroplasts. Much of their color is due to light scattering. Illuminated from behind, Vulcan blood gives a red hue to any concentrated source of light, and may appear blue or colorless depending on different lighting methods.

Polarized light and monochromatic light both show effects which vary greatly according to temperature, pH, CO₂ concentration, etc.

Analysis shows that the principle "oxygen" carrying molecule has a molecular weight of about 6,000, with associated molecules or groups not yet completely identified by human investigators. The molecule seems to consist of four interlocking, but otherwise cyclic, sugars which break down into 5-carbon and 7-carbon sugars on hydrolysis. Four atoms of copper can be shown by X-ray analysis to be arranged in a straight line about 1.187 millimicrons apart. Their oxidation state is unknown. Three sulfoxy groups are associated with each copper atom, at a distance halfway between that expected for Cu (I) and Cu (II), and in a formation belonging to neither; it is known that the sulfoxy groups are not primarily bonded to any of the sugar fragments. Besides oxygen, the bodies carry carbon monoxide, hydrogen cyanide, chlorine, bromine, acetylene, ethylene, and carbon disulfide easily (in vitro) and use these for oxidation. Bonding the oxidizing agents to the carrier molecule requires the expenditure of energy by the organism, though this energy is returned in the cases of oxygen, acetylene, and CS₂, if these were originally present in the atmosphere in sufficient concentrations. It is interesting to speculate whether the ability to use carbon disulfide as an oxidizing agent (it goes to hydrogen sulfide and ethane!) is a result of evolution (which seems unlikely.)

This seems especially strange to this observer, who is acquainted with a Vulcan-Terran hybrid (who seems to survive quite well with his mixed parentage). This observer would be surprised if the human portion turned out to be immune to the poisonous effects of some of these rather exotic oxidizing

agents, and, in fact, he is not. On awakening from an experiment with carbon disulfide (the subject has been using it for TChugaev reaction on some unknown plant derivatives) the subject commented "Fascinating!" and had to be restrained from making further toxicity experiments by an order from his superior officer, and the threat that he would be placed under the care of a nursemaid. Only the latter could be relied upon to prevent further "accidental" experiments. The subject smelled of hydrogen sulfide for a week, a source of great levity aboard the vessel upon which the subject and this observer are stationed. It is fortunate that the reduction of CS_2 did not proceed quickly enough to produce lethal concentrations.

Rate measurements show that the reduction of CS_2 proceeds by a bi-molecular process, which fits the production² of ethane rather than methane on hydrogenation. The subject, Commander Spock, has relayed the theory that a compound, $(CS_{++})(CS_{--})$ is involved in the reduction, and that the formation of the carbon-carbon bond is the rate-determining step.

The transport compound is incorporated into oblate spheroids roughly 1 micron by 0.5 microns. The spheroids are faceted (electron microscopy) and contain one protein molecule each, assumed to play a role in combining the substrate and transport molecule. They are believed to be produced on the outer membranes of cells lining the circulatory system, even in the heart (as well as in other organs.) In concentrations above 1% by volume they are largely associated. In concentrations above 5% by volume they agglutinate and burst. To get them in a concentrated form, the researcher must mix the blood with an equal volume of glycerol and ultracentrifuge at 2 degrees C.

This observer is indebted to Starfleet Command, F.S.N., and the Vulcan Academy of Psychomedical Sciences respectively, for the time and materials necessary for this research, to Dr. M'Benga for his invaluable experience and help, and to the subject, Commander Spock, for his co-operation and indulgence.

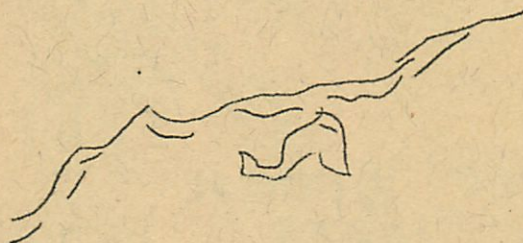
This magazine is indebted to Benes Elares, noted Klingon spy, raconteur, and adventurer, for securing this scoop on the Journal of the Terran Academy of Science, and for the many errors which will be found within.



MARE FRIGORIS

by Terri Harris

I sat and analyzed
The planes and shadows of his moonlit face.
I could not love him: no one could
For he is star-born;
Earthly things are not for him
And he is not of us.
He cannot feel, they said.
I watched his eyes.
They were not dead, but sleeping
And so cold, cold, cold
and so alone.
I went within;
He hides his heart as if it were deformed.
I cannot feel, he says. For I am star-born.
Earthly things are not for me
And I am not of you.
He did not stay to talk with me
or search my face.
I cannot feel, I need no one, he says.
I stay away. But I am lost
Within the pitted craters of his soul.



DML

by
Sherina
Burley

T'PRING

-I'LL TAKE HIM!

Spock
counts on
his fingers.

My Dad is more
logical than you

DIRTY FILMS

THIS Monday

4815.625

"LAUGH-IN"

SAREK
HAS A
SENSE
OF
HUMOR.

T'PAU'S
GIRDLE
IS
KILLING
HER

Humans
are
low brow

SPACK
SWINGS
GROSS-
HANDED
and he uses a
rubber lappa
Plays Cats-Grapple
his Ahn Woon.

T'PAV IS A FOUR-LETTER
WORD

AMANDA

Wierd Eared
Mind Blind
Earth Mirth
~~Bled Red~~
Stupid
Cupid

SPACK
HAS CHATREUSE
BLOOD

DOROTHY
FOUNTAIN
FOR
FEDERATION
COUNCIL

THIRING SPOCK
Has the
cutest
dimple
EATS
PLOWEEK
SOUP

Stonn's Schlat has plastic fangs So does Stonn

SPOCK IS ON
STOKALINE

Impeach
T. Pae yank
and lynch
Me, too!

My Dear Tippling
 You are
 Sincerely
 a monster
 TO
 FRP

TO
ERR
IS
HUMAN

SPACK THINKS LOGIC IS A
LITTLE TWISTING BIRD
FLYING ACROSS THE
MEADOW

ENTERPRISE GRAFFITI

by
Sherna
Burley

Excerpts from the hypothetical graffiti wall
in one of the rec-rooms of the USS Enterprise.

Chekov drinks
Tequila So does
Scotty

MISERY IS A
TRIBBLE WITH
DANDRUFF
LOVE
THAT
LOGIC

Macengines are better than yours
Macengines! - Anon

Plomeek

SOUP IS
fattening

YIPAC
WEARS
FALSE
EYEBLASHES

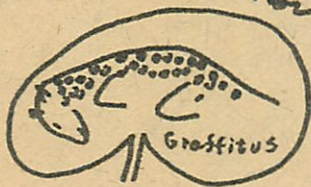
Scotty runs a
motorized
frisby.



That thing
will never
get off
the ground



Who thinks about Horshoes who's he's hot.



RUSSIA WAS INVENTED BY A LITTLE OLD
LADY IN GLASGOW.

Harry Mudd could sell
fake dentures to anyone

Friends,
lend me your
muscles

Horshoes, Do Home

EEK
A TIRRI

SAREK
SNORES

2100 A 21 N 0092
NAD 31T 70



~~ALICE~~
~~MARTHA~~
~~OLGA~~
~~ZEEBA~~
~~ANTIGONE~~
~~LOREAME~~
~~WYDRA~~
~~LYNNE~~

CHEKOV

To be continued

"Monty Python's Python"

VULCAN REFORMS

by Lee Burwasser

The most startling event in Vulcan history (perhaps in the history of any known species), is the redesigning of their entire culture. Unfortunately, very little is known about their condition previous to it, and that little is subject to debate.

Perhaps more light can be shed by studying their present culture. Vulcans are not very communicative, however, and the individual most readily available for observation is not a favored candidate for the title of Average Vulcan. He is a Terran-Vulcan hybrid named Spock, First Officer of the United Star Ship Enterprise. It is unlikely that more typical representatives will make themselves available. There is, moreover, one line of investigation where such an atypical subject is the more useful.

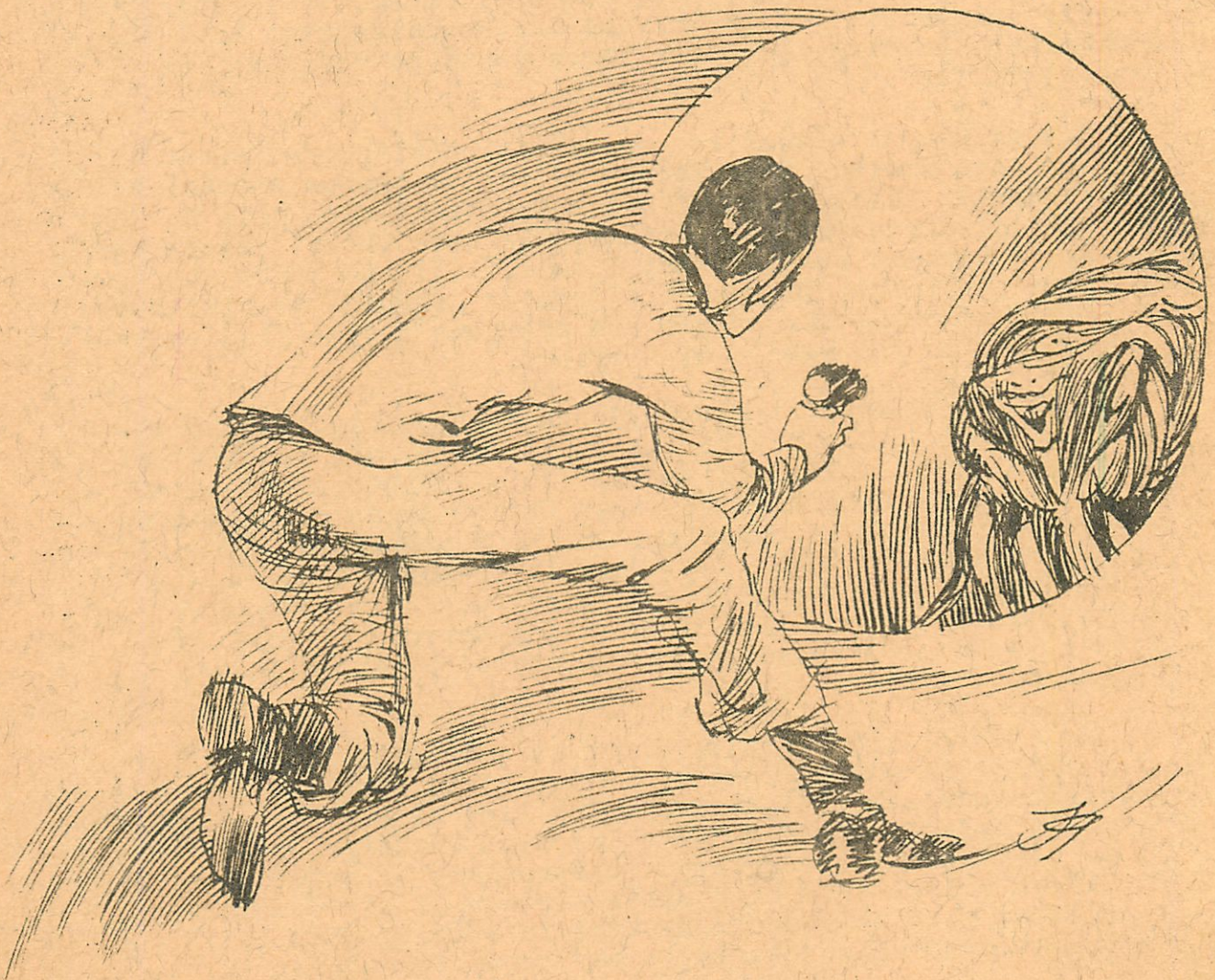
Because of his hybrid ancestry, Spock feels he must be twice as Vulcan as the fullblooded Vulcans. The traits Spock clings to, after two decades of constant association with non-Vulcans, are those he selected as the most typical and essential Vulcan attributes. Apparently these were what was demanded of him for acceptance in Vulcan society. Note that they are not demanded of a total outsider. We know of one Terran woman who was quite acceptable to a fullblood, even though, in thirty to forty years, she never became in the least tainted by "logic". But Spock had to come up to standard. And Vulcan may be unique in having a very explicit standard - the correction factors applied to their original selves to produce the Vulcan civilization of today.

Whether the change in Vulcan culture which Spock has mentioned (1) was genetic, social, or something else, it was definitely a corrective change. The Vulcans didn't like the way they were set up, so they gave themselves a re-deal. Spock's

comments during the incident at the penal colony suggest that the current Vulcan Great Virtues are the "correction factors." Thus, there should be a correlation between the traits a Vulcan must preserve (or that a hybrid believes he must preserve) and the excesses in their history that scared them into redesigning their society. Here is our clue to the past. Original type plus correction factors equals modern type. Conversely, modern type minus correction factors equals original type.

Having specified the line of investigation, what specific traits in Spock's behavior can we label as "Vulcan"?

All know, of course, that THE Vulcan virtue is logic. But "logic" does not mean predicate calculus, set theory, and Boolean algebra. In fact, "logic," as used in this context, has no relationship to the techniques used for ensuring



validity. Instead, it is a catchall term for a variety of related disciplines and attitudes. In one situation it may mean objectivity, in another composure. "Logical" may be synonymous with "rational" or with "analytical" or "level-headed". Always, however, it has something to do with intellect, specifically, with subordination of passion to intellect. That is why "illogical" is synonymous, not with "fallacious", but with "emotional."

This leads us to another of Spock's idiosyncrasies - his literal-mindedness. The fact is, he uses highly figurative speech (synecdoche, to be technical) every time he speaks of "logic", but he won't tolerate it otherwise in his own speech and he objects to it in anyone else's. Spock seems to have declared war on figurative speech in general, no matter how comprehensible the figure is, or how silly he sounds objecting to it. One example is the time when Ensign Chekov said that the Klingons were "close enough to smell them." (2) The hyperbole is obvious. Certainly no one would suggest that the Ensign was claiming the other force could be scented from where they were.

Spock has an obsessive preoccupation with precision. When he once stated, "The factor of random chance appears to have operated in our favor," and McCoy translated this to the entirely adequate and appropriate, "We were lucky," Spock replied, "I believe that is what I said." (3) He knows the common form (at least, it wasn't a foreign language to him) but insists on wasting his breath and everyone's time playing reductionist, in the middle of a crisis.

Another "Vulcan" trait is Spock's encyclopedism; he insists on telling the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, if it takes all watch. This is recognised as an attribute peculiarly his, for when Chekov began a recitation of inconsequential information, Dr. McCoy remarked, "Spock's contaminating this boy." (4) This is the most dangerous of his cultivated quirks; while the party was only amused at Chekov, there was one time when an inopportune display of Spock's store of irrelevant data provoked Engineer Bowman almost to open mutiny. (5)

As a corollary to this, Spock is extremely reluctant to say anything he can't prove up to the hilt. Despite 14 years as Science Officer, (6) during which time he must have learned that he's expected to form an opinion on whatever data there is, he still has to be ordered to speculate or voice an opinion, if he's less than nine nines certain of his conclusions. However, he's by no means backwards in stating what he is sure of, no matter how improbable it may sound to others. (7)

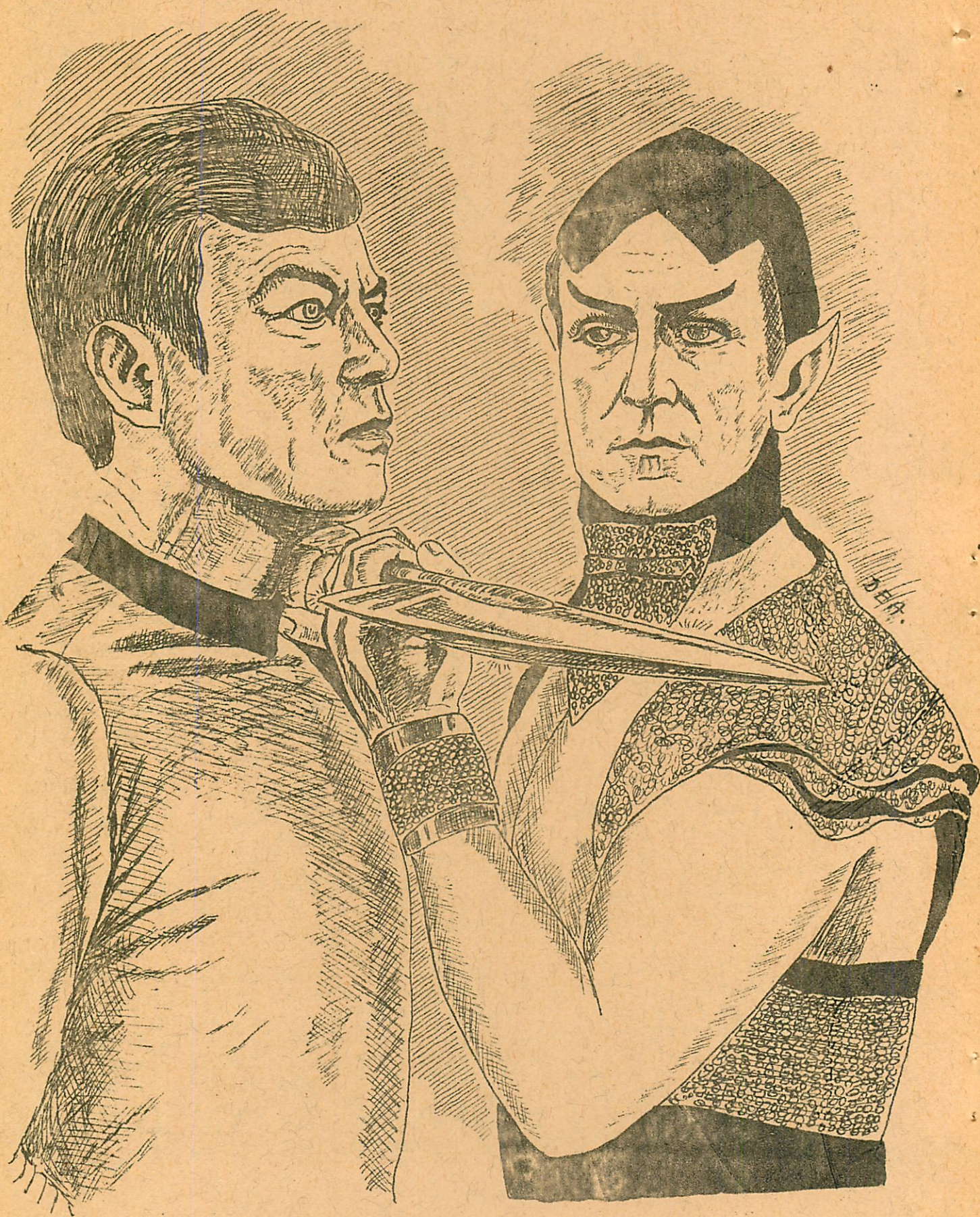
These, then, are Spock's main peculiarities. Using these "virtues," it's possible to form several theories about pre-Reform Vulcan. Probably, there was a deterioration, perhaps even outlawing, of disciplined thinking, especially the sort of base-yourself-on-reality-at-all-times-and-make-sure-you-know-where-reality-is that seems to be Spock's sole hope of attaining salvation. Also, Vulcan government probably suffered from a chronic and acute case of propagandism and "labelling." In line with this, it seems likely that the only information anyone ever had access to was oversimplification, words-of-one-syllable explanations, "answer yes or no" sort of things and, of course, out-and-out propaganda. This whole interesting package may have been kept going by the leaders' appeal to and excitation of non-rational behavior -- otherwise known as rabble rousing, rumourmongering, riding the headless monster.

Perhaps they had their own 1984, with Doublethink, two-minute hates (read William L. Shirer's report of a Nuremberg rally in Berlin Diary) (8) Newspeak and all it implies, good-think, Minutru, War is Peace, Freedom is Slavery, Ignorance is Strength. Apparently, Vulcans faced a drastic situation that called for drastic measures: "logic" and allergy to emotionalism, encyclopedism and literal-mindedness -- if that's what it takes, then that's what it takes. The Vulcans haven't become a race of robots because of their Reforms, whatever ignorant Terrans may think. (Spock sees nothing unVulcan in chess games or music.)

Given this, Spock's quirks seem to fit in rather neatly. The pattern may seem a bit paranoid, especially to Terrans. One must remember, however, that while Earth's Age of Reason evolved from non-reason, Vulcan's current circumstances appear to have been shaped by humanoid planning from an age of anti-reason.

But why refer to this cerebral dominance as "logic"? Why, especially, make this exception to a general distrust of figurative speech? Some sort of cerebral virtue had to be the main weapon against hysteria. The question is, why was "logic", in the sense of valid reasoning, so crucially important that the term came to be applied to the entire spectrum of cerebral dominance and cerebral virtue?

Strictly defined, logic is valid reasoning: a foolproof way of getting from true premises to a true conclusion. It goes from there into mathematical analysis of language and logicians alone know what else, but the basis is simply keeping one's theoretical constructs consistent within themselves. The constant use of the discipline of logic habituates the mind to checking everything against the criteria of validity and consistency until flying in the face of valid reason becomes as absurd as trying to repeal the laws of nature. (This



is in itself a logician's comparison.)

This is the result not of logic itself, but of training in logic. Logic is a useful tool. By itself it can't ensure sanity; some forms of paranoia leave the mind capable of valid reasoning under most conditions. However, training in logic tends to increase one's hold on objective reality, in part by making it difficult or impossible for one to consciously play tricks with truth.

Directly opposed to this is the Orwellian trinity: Crimestop, blackwhite, and doublethink. Crimestop can be defined as protective stupidity and denseness, the inability to follow any uncomfortable thought trains. Blackwhite is defined as the mutability of truth, an ability to know that black is white. Doublethink is the simultaneous acceptance of contradiction, or the conscious equation of truth with expedience. These three patterns of thought compose the entire 1984 mentality. Logic and the "trinity" are mutually exclusive. A mind conditioned to doublethink finds logic uncomfortable, producing simultaneous claustrophobia and agorophobia of the intellect. A mind trained in logic finds doublethink perverse.

Education in logic can't help but ruin a man completely as a doublethinker. If he can't doublethink, he can't apply crimestop or blackwhite with skill enough to keep himself fooled. And if he can't fool himself, it takes a lot of work by somebody else to fool him. He has to be worked from dead calm to raving frenzy before he's hysterical enough to swallow nonsense. Data falsification has to be carefully and elaborately planned, thoroughly and scrupulously carried out, if he is to accept it as accurate. And once he catches his leaders lying to him, or finds discrepancies in recorded "facts," the credibility gap opens, and he's even harder to fool than before.

One of the major tools of hysteriamongers is emotional manipulation. The Vulcans seem to have countered this at two levels. They have an aversion to figurative speech; they state the facts precisely and unambiguously, without any embroidery or ornamentation. It's rather hard to get anybody steamed up over a dry recitation of facts and figures, and it'll take a master manipulator to warp the picture and get away with it. Vulcans have a Spartan's distrust of oratory.

However, Vulcans aren't themselves laconic. Emotional manipulation often leans heavily on the selective withholding of information. Hence, Vulcan encyclopedism; if you know something and don't tell, nobody can chance trusting you again. Also, everyone is expected to be able to back up any assertion on demand, and on anything really important it makes sense to present the support immediately.

These two irritating eccentricities are, in a sense, polite recognition that other minds are capable of understanding facts and reasoning from them, as well as a highly politic avoidance of the unpleasantness that would result from refusing that recognition. Encyclopedic completeness and pedantic precision is the only polite or safe way to present information. If you know you've been given all conceivably relevant data, you don't have to worry about something vital having been edited out. The proper way to deliver opinion or speculation is to wait until it's asked for. If you have to go after your officer's opinion with a cork-screw, anything he volunteers will be completely verifiable.

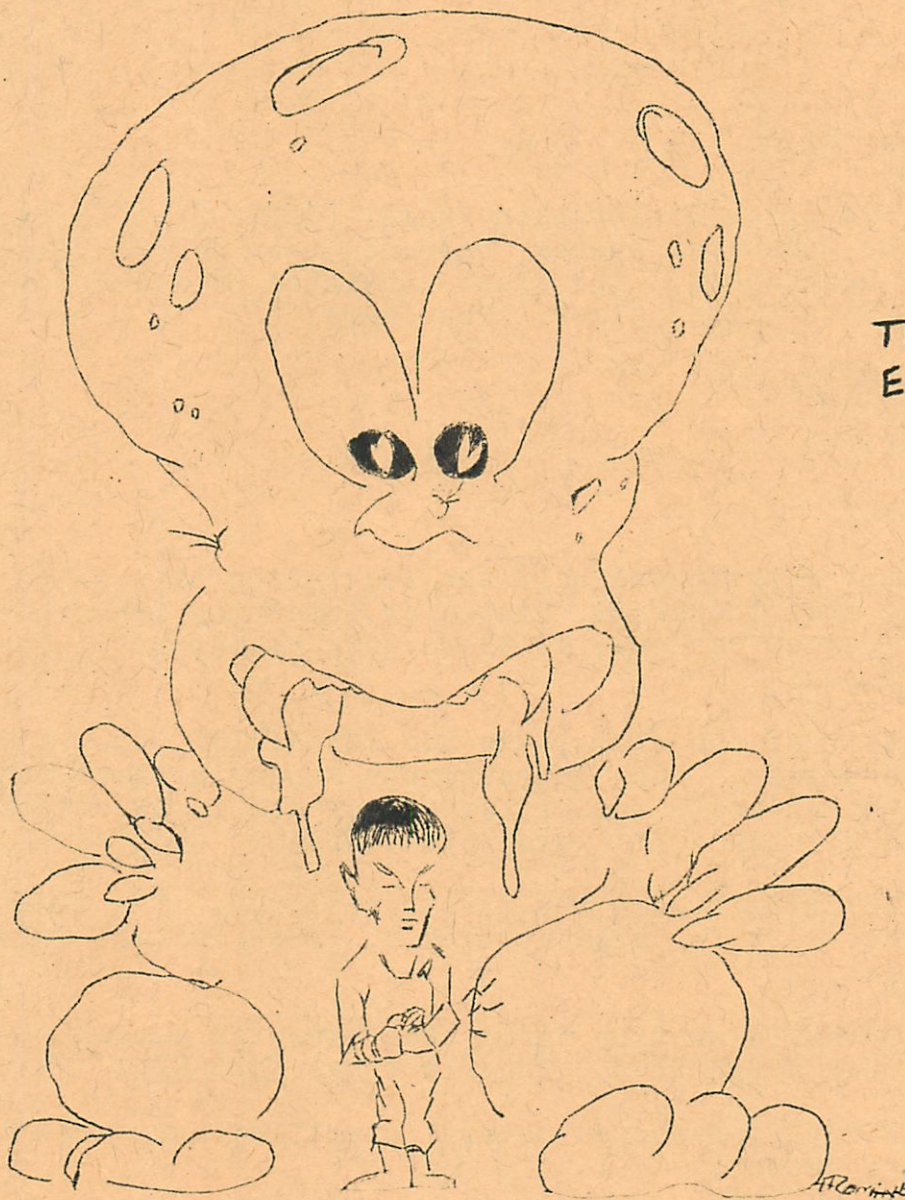
Another tool of the manipulator is what Aldous Huxley (9) called herd poisoning. Collecting people into masses and then whipping the mob, now quite different from the people who make it up, into the proper frame of mind for mayhem, is the agitator's task. Hitler devoted a section of Mein Kampf to the necessity of mass meetings in getting the people excited and unthinking enough to be led.

Could this be the rational behind the Vulcan custom of solitary meditation, of setting aside a time for being alone and quiet and thinking over what was going on? One would keep the results (or conclusions) to oneself, because the purpose of such meditation is to reacquaint one with one's self and to reaffirm one's identity. Something of this sort is natural if the dangers of herd poisoning have been driven home hard enough.

Like many transplanted customs, Spock's habits are more or less inappropriate to the social circumstances of the essentially Terran Enterprise. On any Vulcan-staffed ship, they would be quite suitable, for they have definite meaning in their proper setting. This might explain a great deal in present Terran-Vulcan relationships. Modern Vulcans seem to be honestly terrified of the potential for madness and hysterical destruction and self-destruction in Earth-style emotionalism. Because of this potential, the Vulcans have transformed themselves from the fierce, hysterically violent, insanely combative race whose only known representatives are the isolationist Romulans, into the logical, intellectual, unwarlike but laser-potent modern Vulcans.

Hopefully, there will be further opportunity to observe the sociology and psychology of modern Vulcan, and thus derive further insights into the Vulcan past.

- (1) "Dagger of the Mind"
- (2) "The Trouble With Tribbles"
- (3) "The Doomsday Machine"
- (4) "Who Mourns for Adonais?"
- (5) "The Galileo Seven"
- (6) "The Menagerie"
- (7) This has happened many times, notably in "Immunity Syndrome," and for both extremes.
- (8) Shirer, William. Berlin Diary, entries for September 4, 5, and 7, 1934.
- (9) Huxley, Aldous. Brave New World Revisited, chapter V.



TELEPORTER-
ENERGIZE..."

Atkinson

FROM THE FILES OF JOHN MANSFIELD, SPY

SECRET

STAR DATE: 5824.7
3 KLINGON INT GROUP

TECH INT REPORT 58/9

THE KLINGON Space Exploration Vessel (PAPLO?) while in the area of the Oeno stat system, happened upon a major Federation Fleet Rendezvous. The Fleet consisted of five star ships of the "Enterprise" class. They were:

USS ENTERPRISE
USS YORKTOWN
USS EXCALIBUR
USS HOOD
USS POTEKIN

These ships represented half the Federation star ships of this class, and, therefore, hinted at something important. The idea of Wargames was out, as there were no support ships of the (???) types.

The Flagship of the class, the USS ENTERPRISE, showed many new improvements. Such improvements as an increase in electronic antennae and a rather large increase in electronic traffic (?) on all bands (?) were noted. Photos enclosed,

The USS ENTERPRISE left the fleet at 4730.2. The remainder of the fleet left the area at 4730.4. The (PAPLO?) followed this fleet.

At 4731.2 the Federation force then executed a mock attack upon the USS ENTERPRISE. The Fleet was DEFEATED.

The USS ENTERPRISE showed several startling new capabilities, see next report.

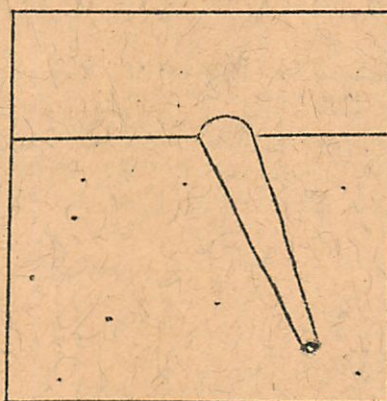
At 4731.8 the Fleet again attacked and this time, the USS ENTERPRISE all but destroyed the USS EXCALIBUR.

The use of the USS EXCALIBUR is very significant as this

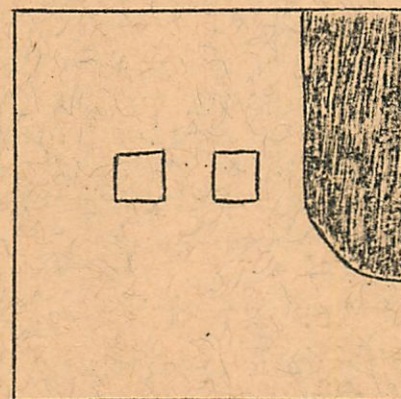
was not an old ship and because it did have a full human crew.

The main fleet then withdrew and the USS ENTERPRISE dropped its shields. Apparently the signal for the exercise (?) to halt (?)

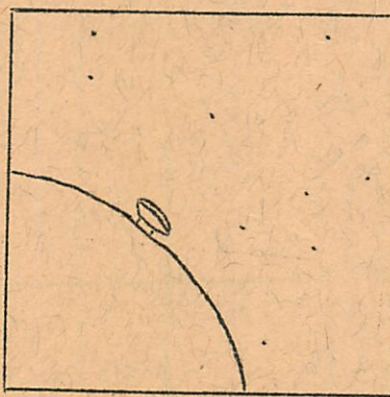
The (PAPTO?) tried to close and examine the twisted hulk of the USS EXCALIBUR but was unable to due to the presence of the USS HOOD.



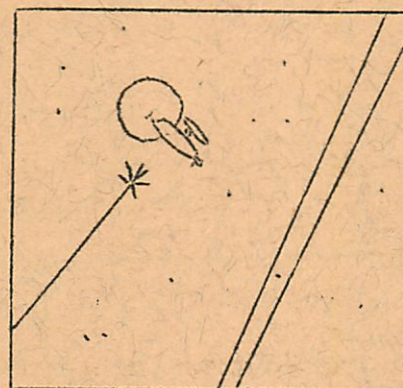
1



2



3



4

PHOTO LIST INT REPORT 58/9

1. Large cone-shaped aerial. Underside/main saucer.
2. Two new hatches. Next to "U" of "USS"/main saucer.
3. Small disc-shaped radar. Control bubble, over saucer area.
4. USS ENTERPRISE under attack.
5. Part of two-aerial hook-up. Under Engineering section.
6. Small round fixture, forward of rear exit dome.

KLINGON MINISTRY OF PROPAGANDA AND PUBLIC ENLIGHTENMENT

FROM: GROUP LEADER (Untranslatable)
TO: UNDERLING (?) 7

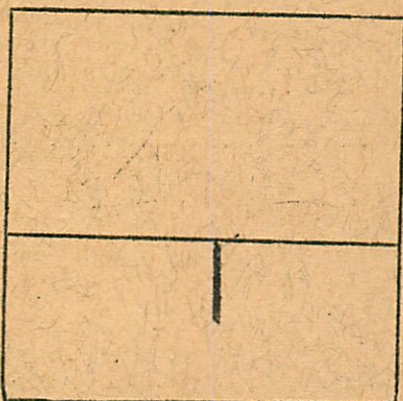
Like the idea of USS ENTERPRISE destroying USS EXCALIBUR.

Play it up as the ENTERPRISE, unable to take any more orders...turning on its captors...valiantly fighting...lucky hit...poor equipment... Everyone tortured and killed...ship towed off to be cleaned out...later to be recrewed with the scum of the Federation who are always ready to leave their squalor for.....

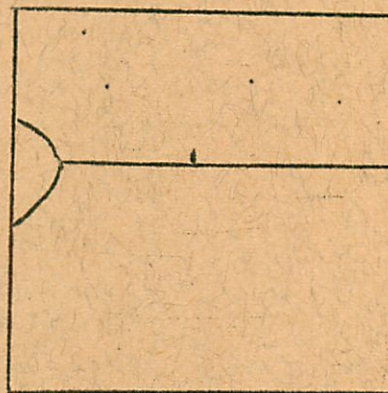
Lay it on thick.

Finished work in my chute (?) by dark.

(SIGNATURE)
GROUP LEADER



5



6

THE ALTERNATE

by Laura Harris

(Author's note: This is about the alternate-Spock of "Mirror, Mirror," or someone very like him. I originally intended just to write something raunchy to get something out of my system, but it turned into something else. I'm just a hopeless romantic.)

I am not really paying much attention to what I, what we, are doing. Sometimes it is like this, I am simply insuring my position, making sure that his attention does not wander to another woman, although I find that somehow unlikely. He has grown accustomed to me, and in many ways he is a creature of habit, he likes his routine to preserve its sameness, which is the mark of order and stability. At first I was a violent jolt to his system, but now I am accepted, a part of things, indeed, almost taken for granted sometimes. But that suits me too. At least I do not have to bear the rage that would accompany his jealousy.

It is warm in the cabin, he keeps it that way because it is more comfortable for him -- warm and dry, permeated with a soft red glow and the faint smell of incense, which gradually blurs into the consciousness until a world of other than faint red glowings and shadings and slightly spicy dry air seems the dreamworld. It never seems to be fully light in this room, always the shadings and shadows, a half-dark shadow world inhabited by creatures of unguessable origins and habits, a land apart, a small island in the midst of this bustling, glowing, well-lit, constantly active ship we call the Enterprise. No sounds penetrate from outside, or if they do, it is only faintly, reminding us of our isolation and difference but not intruding upon it.

His breath is hot against my ear, his teeth fastening gently but insistently on the lobe, causing unbelievable sensations everywhere in my body. Getting back at me, eh, because of my inability to leave his ears alone. I am strangely aware of each sound, each movement; I am not really uncomfortable, because my body is trained to work on an automatic pilot, as it were, even when my mind is totally free. I am hiding somewhere observing us, tittering, calculating, thinking that it is sometimes very odd to be a woman and so aloof,

so unaffected really, and how he would be angered, perhaps, or perhaps just surprised, if he knew how little I was affected.I feel no tenderness for him, no love, just - what? - perhaps what I would feel if he had been in Sickbay, forbidden to read, and I had, on his orders, slipped a tape to him to be viewed secretly after Dr. McCoy had retired. I obey his orders. Sometimes hesitantly, sometimes unwillingly, sometimes with much useless muttering, but I obey.

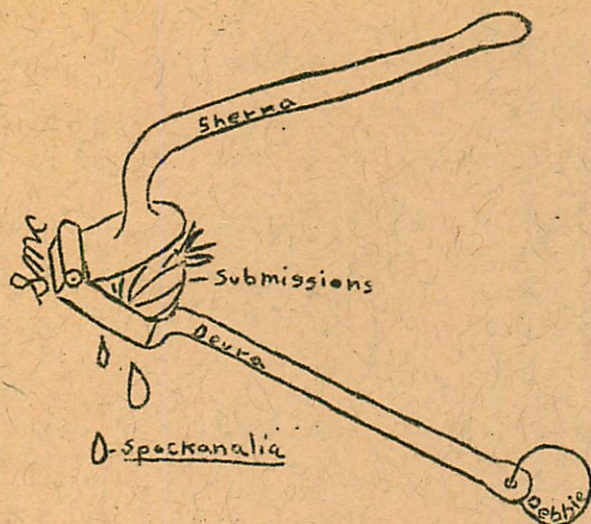
Many of us find ourselves in such a situation, have such an arrangement. It is often quite advantageous to belong to a man who wields some power on the ship or elsewhere in the fleet. Spock is not actively engaged in a power struggle of any sort here, but he has powerful allies, family connections, elsewhere that make him a man to be reckoned with. He likes his life here, his job is interesting and provides constant challenges for his searching, grasping mind. Sometimes, it seems, he requires respite from his usual iron control that enables him to tap and channel his tremendous energies in exactly the right direction. This can take the form of self-induced trances, or an oddly graceful type of calisthenics that I have never seen anyone else do -- and sometimes it is a woman. I am only one of many forms of diversion for him, perhaps the least satisfactory in some ways. I do not under-



stand why he has chosen me, or any woman, but then he is not likely to answer if I ask, so I remain silent.

He is so very different from the others, in many ways. He can be oddly gentle, sometimes taking my hand as we walk along together, almost shyly, like a young boy, sometimes brushing it with his lips, like a courtly hero paying homage to a great lady. Sometimes he sits cross-legged with the lute in his lap, strumming it softly, singing strange old songs of his homeland in a deep voice that seems to float across the warm stillness and brush gently against me like a dark velvet curtain stirred by a faint breeze. Other times he is as hard and unyielding and fierce as a glittering metal blade, and his small dark eyes hold a dull gleam like polished mahogany. Sometimes I fear him. Always I am glad to be somehow in his favor.

He is saying something to me. I have allowed my attention to wander and he realizes that something is wrong. I should know better. He has shifted his position slightly and is inquiring if I am uncomfortable. Strange... he is capable of insisting that I do almost anything that occurs to him if his curiosity demands fulfillment, but he will then be quite gentle and, as long as he is satisfied with the results, take pains to insure that I am not hurt or made to suffer acute discomfort. The point is, after all, not cruelty but satisfaction. For him, the two do not necessarily go together. I pretend not to hear or understand his question, and with a small half-groan-half-growl dig my fingernails into his ribs. He is obviously satisfied that I am not in distress and says no more. His lips wander up from my ear, across my cheek, brush my lips, the gentle movements of his lips and hands punctuated steadily, rhythmically by more virile caresses... you bearded virile bastard, it is I who will penetrate to the center of you and learn your secrets, learn if you are truly a lord to be feared, a black-maned lion who roars and rules, or one of us, with fears and weaknesses...(how very strange, it is like having a tooth pulled while thoroughly numbed, feeling pressure but no pain... I feel individual movements but they seem to have no relation to the feeling that permeates my body, there is no localized sensation but a tingling, nerve-jangling, fiery, desperate feeling, that spreads, meets itself, overlaps, and flows back again toward the source, I am like a basin being filled by the overflow from a smaller basin above it, and at the very top, the fountainhead that flows into the first basin, which fills itself to bursting and then gives its overflow to its sister basin below.... there seems to be no end to it, it is an eternal process, beginning nowhere, ending nowhere, like the universe itself...) For one second only, one blazing white second that illuminates like the flash from a photon-torpedo, I know -- if I find them, unearth the buried secrets of your inmost heart, I will shield the gaping holes with my body and let you continue to walk proudly, roaring fear into the timid hearts around you. It is I who have given up my secrets to you, told you by the fierceness and madness of my giving which of my lies not to believe. You have won again.



Going to Press
or
Those people
accuse us of
being hard on
our contributors

WHOOOPS!

How did a hormone injection restore the hair and the hair color to Kirk and McCoy in the few brief minutes it had to work?

"Vulcan has not been conquered in historical memory."
Spock to Kirk, "Immunity Syndrome"

"No wonder you were conquered." McCoy to Spock, "The Conscience of the King"

If traveling to Talos IV is the only death penalty offense in our enlightened Federation ("Menagerie"), then why did Daystrom and M-5 both say that the penalty for murder was death? ("The Ultimate Computer")

RANK OUT?

Not very long ago, the Enterprise encountered a blood-destroying gaseous cloud, and we learned that Captain Kirk had encountered the same creature during his first deep-space mission. His rank at that time was Lieutenant, and his ship was the Farragut.

Last year, at his Court Martial, we learned that Kirk served in deep space on the Republic -- as an Ensign.

It would seem that James T. Kirk was broken in rank at one time. From testimony at his Court Martial, we infer that he was not unusually slow to be promoted. Therefore, he was probably exonerated.

It sounds like a good story...

TERMS AND CONDITIONS OF RESIDENCE
ABOARD A STARSHIP CLASS VESSEL

Star Fleet Command

Star Base 11

COPY TO: Lieutenant Joyce Yasner

A. General Conditions:

1. Residence quarters are to be occupied only by commissioned officers and enlisted personnel.
2. To reserve residence space, all personnel must sign the attached form acknowledging that a deposit of 1,000 credits has been subtracted, as of boarding, from the pay and will be recredited after assessment for damages to quarters or equipment is deducted at the termination of the mission.
3. This contract is binding for the full period of assignment, unless accredited withdrawal is made.
4. Special arrangements will be made for additional non-enlisted or commissioned personnel.
5. All personnel are assigned to a dining area.

B. Assignment of Quarters:

1. No classification of personnel will be made according to race, nationality, planet of origin, or religion. Quarters assignments will not be made on these bases.
2. Officers, including under that classification physicians in the medical specialties, will be assigned single occupancy of double quarters space.
3. Enlisted personnel will be assigned single occupancy of single quarters space.

C. Occupancy:

1. Quarters will be occupied by the original ship's complement by the autumnal equinox at Star Base 11. (Officers are requested to occupy their quarters two weeks prior to this date.) Personnel boarding after the start of the mission will do so by 21:00 hours of day of assignment.
2. The residence quarters will close the autumnal equinox, Standard Years, berthing at Star Base 11. (Transportation will be provided to other star bases.)
3. Residence is terminated with the Quarter-master by a) removing all personal belongings from the quarters, b) having the quarters inspected, c) completing a quarters condition report, and d) turning in the condition report and voice print for the door lock to the Quarter-master.

D. Refund Policies for the Deposit:

1. At the end of the mission or assignment period, after damages are assessed and deducted, the remaining part or all of the 1,000 credits, acknowledged as deducted from pay at the beginning of the mission, will be returned with final pay for the term of duty.

2. In the event of death, the deposit will be returned to the beneficiary on file when Star Fleet Command is informed of the death.

3. Personnel withdrawing for accredited reasons will be refunded their deposit.



SARA

E. Damages:

1. All personnel will be held responsible for any damage beyond reasonable wear and tear to their quarters, the furniture and equipment contained therein and for any damage caused by them beyond that to be expected in the line of duty to any other part of the Starship vessel or its shuttlecraft.

2. In the event that it cannot be ascertained who is responsible for the damage as outlined above, the assessment will be made against the corridormates or the entire ship's company.

F. Maintenance:

1. All personnel are responsible for maintaining their quarters in a condition of order and cleanliness.

2. Inspections will be made of the quarters of all personnel prior to missions of a diplomatic nature and also at those times specified by the Quarter-master.

G. Standard Regulations:

1. Personnel are expected to adhere to the rules and regulations outlined in this contract and the Regulations Handbook of the Star Fleet.

2. The following are prohibited in the quarters and around the ship or shuttlecraft:

a. Habit-forming and/or hallucinogenic drugs (except as prescribed by or known to the Ship's Medical Officer).

b. Weaponry, explosives or chemicals except in the areas assigned for their use. (Concerning weaponry, consult section G, part 5.)

c. Pets, except those considered safe by Federation laws, and checked with the Quarter-master, are prohibited. (Snakes are prohibited as their escape may constitute damage to equipment.) THERE WILL BE NO TRIBBLES PERMITTED ABOARD ANY VESSEL OF THE STAR FLEET.

3. Personnel are responsible for the safety of their personal property and are instructed to utilize voice print door commands in accordance.

4. The Star Fleet provides furniture and equipment as follows: a) a single bed per person, b) a desk, c) suitable storage space for belongings, d) an intercom, and e) a computer console.

5. Personnel are expected to furnish the following for their individual quarters: additional lighting (if desired), pillow, additional blankets (if desired), bedspread, rugs,



curtains and any other decorations. (Decorations in the form of weapons, i.e. swords, spears, knives, archaic firearms, etc., must be checked and approved by the Quarter-master.)

6. Prohibited from quarters, ship and shuttlecraft, are any electronic contrivances which will impede or change the function of any of the equipment present in the quarters, ship or shuttlecraft. Specifically, no devices or tamperings with the computer will be permitted. (These will show up on the Science Officer's panels.) Similarly, devices or tamperings with the intercom will not be permitted. (These will show up on the Communication Officer's panels.) Any electric current drawn off above the level assumed safe while on either warp or impulse drive will result in complete electrical shut-down in the quarters or area in question.

7. Precautions will be taken against fire:

a. Smoking is permitted in quarters, recreation rooms, and dining areas. The residue will be disposed of in the proper manner following conscientious precautions.

b. Religious objects, such as incense-pots and fire-pots are permitted only when checked with the Quarter-master. Proper precautions should be taken against fire.

c. Tampering with fire extinguishers is prohibited.

8. Recreational activity is to be restricted to those areas designated for such use.

9. Visiting dignitaries and guests will be apprised of the regulations outlined herein and are expected to conform accordingly.

This contract is to be signed and brought to the Quarter-master by no later than 21:00 hours on the day of boarding.

Quarter-master

St. Joyce Garner

Signature and Rank

Date Received

4539.3

Date of Signature

Bump-off Scoreboard

Kirk - 2

Spock - $1\frac{1}{4}$

McCoy - 1

Scotty - $1\frac{1}{2}$ (A for effort, in "I, Mudd")

The Free Enterprise

from Jane Peyton's files

Gossip Column

FAVORITE PRACTICAL JOKE CORNER: Engineer Z reports (proudly) that he switched phasers on Mr. Spock, substituting one which shoots out a little sign saying "Fizz!" He claims he got the idea watching archaic Earth movies. By next time, we should have researched this enough to report its degree of veracity -- but for the moment: How many of you characters know who Illya N. Kuryakin is? And no, Chekov, he did not invent the vacuum tube.

KUDOS TO: Yeoman M. Did Mr. Spock ever bite the dust when he hit the place where you polished the decks! There should be more crewmen so industrious.

WOULD YOU BELIEVE: That Dr. McCoy told Mr. Scott how to fix last week's ventilation breakdown?
We didn't think so.

LATEST ON SPOCK VS. MCCOY: Nurse L. reports that Dr. McCoy is currently puzzling over Mr. Spock's latest check-up... which indicates that he is dead. An expert in high places revealed yesterday in a confidential interview with your reporter that Spock Vulcan-ed his way through the med scan. When we figure out what that means, we'll let you know.

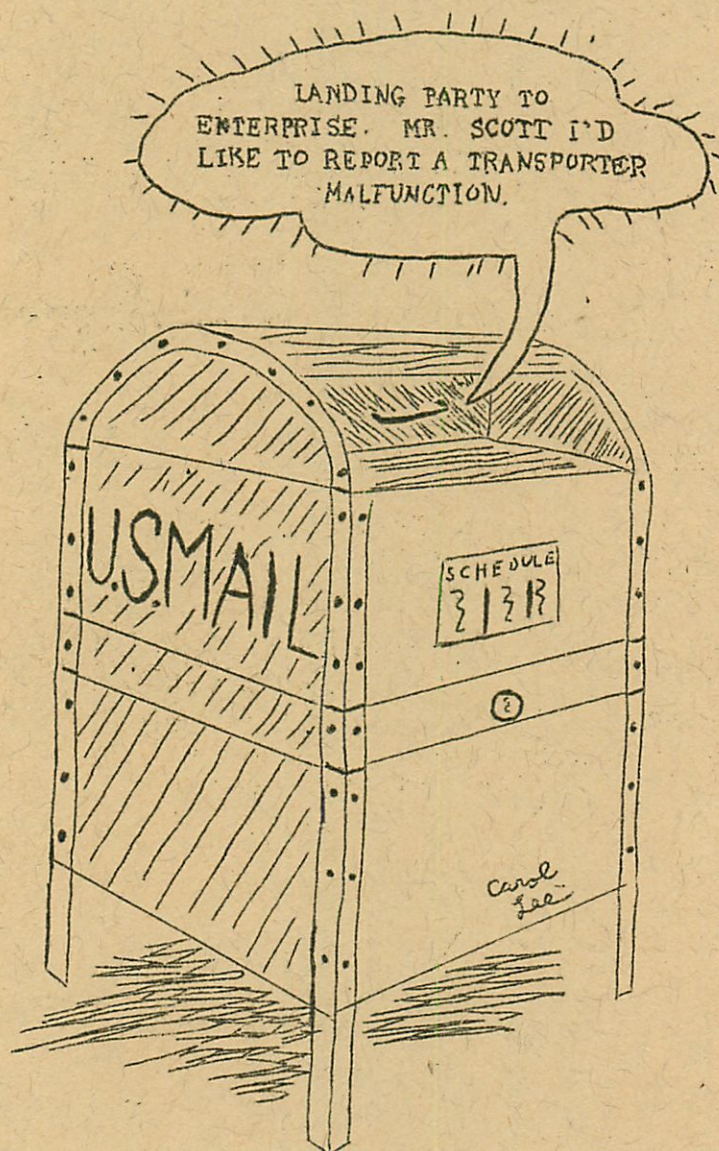


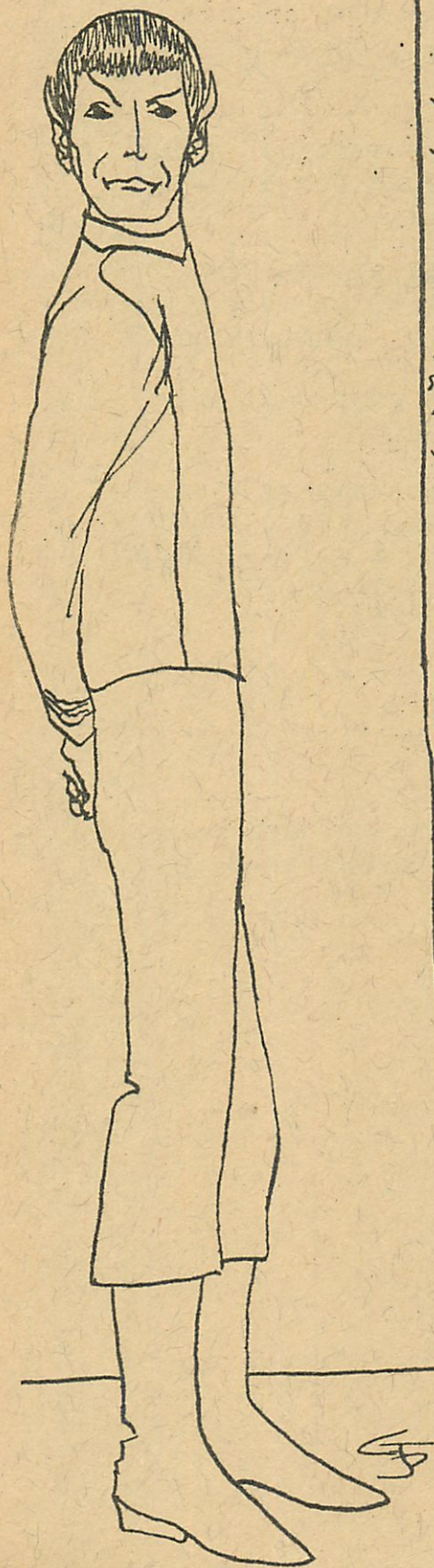
Mr Spock, you're
not yourself
today.

LATEST REPORT ON THE DECK 6 REC ROOM: Yeoman R reports fighting off a large, black creature while attempting to rescue her chess set from a particularly extensive moth cocoon. Lt. Q, from the Biolab, has been combing the ship ever since, trying to locate his mutant cockroach.

Last count was: Spiders, 7, Ants, 362, Clean-up Detail, 1½. Let's hear it for Clean-up, friends. The Big E scores another first. By the way, Lt. Q, please find that creature and kill it before Mr. Spock starts preaching about preserving scientific curiosities and sets up diplomatic relations with the thing.

Late-breaking report: Too bad, all. Yeoman R informs us that she stepped on it.





green blood is actually a synthesized sea-weed substitute.
 Mr. Spock warps out
 WANNA BET? Yeah! ↑
 Spock is like all the rest
 afraid of the dark. of the food
 and of me, too. C. Chapel Support the Food
 "Back Committee for the around
 Lex's see + p. Euthanasia here
 of all Vulcans
 over 10%
 before it's too late.
 Spock really was a Romulan spy.
 wiggle his ears
 action committee now!
 Spock's MUMMY liked his best.
 Mr. Spock wears plastic ears
 and false eyebrows.
 and a wig, too.
 Get to work, men!
 That is very funny!!
 The main computer on deck 11 loves Spock
 and vice versa

Commander
SPOCK

BEWARE
of the
VULCAN

Misery is
smart-aleck
crew men.

FREE ENTERPRISE AWARD TO: Dr. McCoy - for telling Nurse W to "shut up" twelve times in one day.

DID YOU KNOW: That the average life expectancy of a Star Fleet member is precisely 58.672 years? Anyone for becoming a Debarian sword-swallower? (A.L.E.: 59.749)

FE SPECIAL AWARD FOR DEEDS ABOVE AND BEYOND THE CALL OF COMMON FELONY: To the anonymous Chief Engineer who fixed our busted tape printer. Three cheers for good ol' whatzisname.

PUBLIC SERVICE CORNER: "You can't have your cool and blow it, too." ---- Old Vulcan Proverb

It has been suggested in certain circles that we find out once and for all if Spock's ears are real. After lengthy debate, extensive speculation, and unprejudiced coin-tossing, we have come to a decision: Positive action must be taken to settle this vital question. Er, any volunteers?

Would you believe:

That Mr. Spock's middle name is Harold?

That Lt. U has shortened her skirt another inch?

That Nurse C has lowered her neckline again?

That Spock's sehlat was a chicken-killer?

((Note: If the latter statement doesn't scan, we have been informed that Dr. McCoy can elucidate upon the matter at great length...ed.))



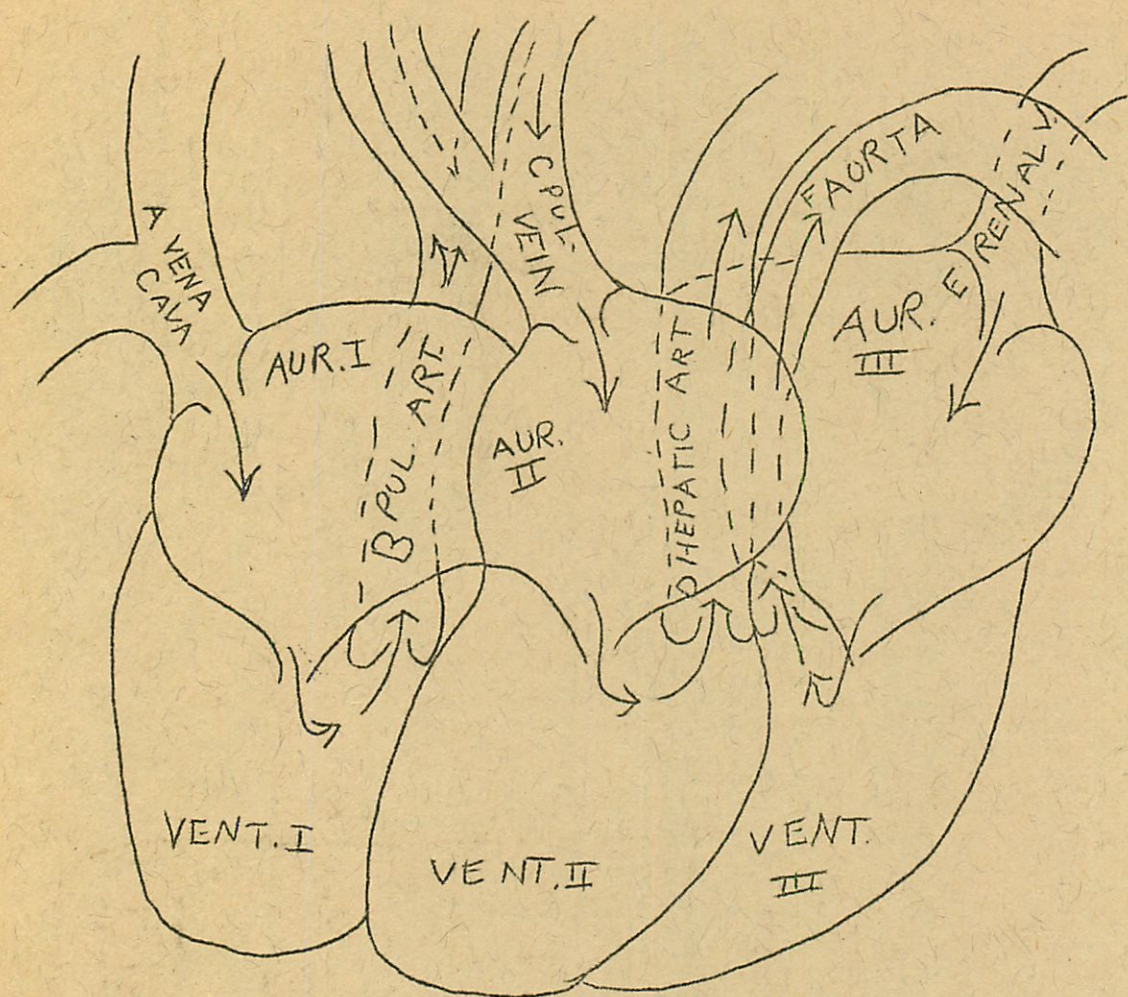
Logic is a Little
Chirping Bat!!



LAST TIME I WENT ON A
LANDING PARTY I GOT
TRAMPLED BY A ROCK
EATING ALIEN...AND
THA' TIME BEFORE THAT,
WELL....

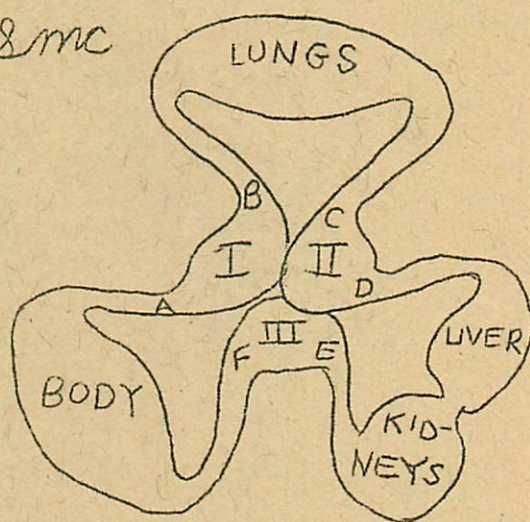
...I WAS QUICK
FROZEN LIKE
A PACK OF
ASPARAGUS...

VAUGHN
BODE



smc

A SECOND PROPOSED
MODEL OF THE VULCAN
HEART (SEMIDIAGRAMATIC)
AND A SCHEMATIC DIAGRAM
OF THE CIRCULATORY SYSTEM



(FROM A SKETCH BY DOROTHY JONES)

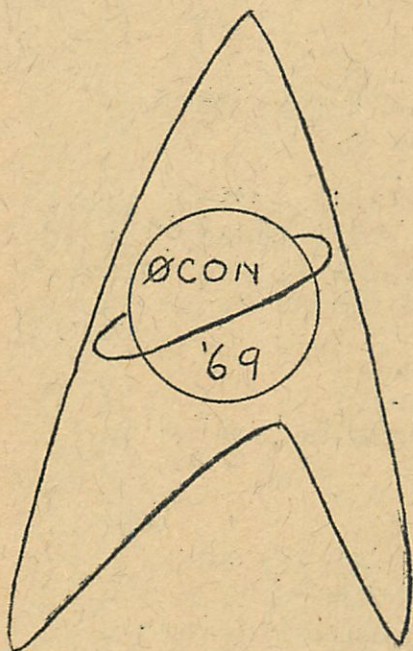
The Vulcan Heart: An Alternate Proposal
by Dorothy Jones and Sherma C. Burley

In the first issue of SPOCKANALIA, Sandra Deckinger proposed a six-chambered model for the Vulcan heart. In this model, the second and third auricular-ventricular chambers both contributed to general somatic circulation.

Dorothy Jones has proposed an alternative, whereby general somatic circulation is separate from the hepatic and renal circulation. One may assume that renal and hepatic functioning are somewhat different in Vulcans. (Diagrams I and II.)

Either system is possible in the light of the meagre information which is available on the Vulcan heart.

* * * * *



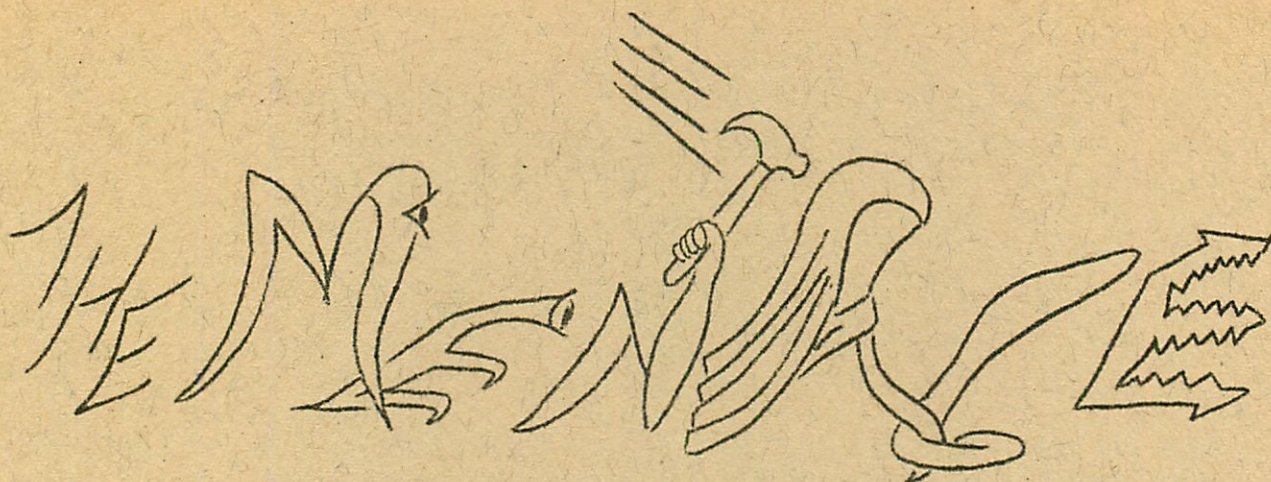
ØLUMBS IN '69

As a member of the Øcon committee, to bring the World Convention to Columbus Ohio in 1969, let me warn you to be on the lookout, during the 1968 BayCon, for four fans in green bowling shirts. They're our executive committee, and they're out to prove we can put on the best possible con.

Keep an eye on them. You never know what they'll do next. (They may even get an ad in SPOCKANALIA.)

Fannishly,
Your ever-lovin' co-editor,

Sherma



Continuing insanity for those in

SPOCK SHOCK

by Sherna Comerford Burley

(Smartoff stands at the front of the stage. All the others are at their places on the bridge.)

SMARTOFF (in an approximately Russian accent): These are the voyages of the Space Ship Undersize. For five years, she's gonna boldly go where no man has gone before, and if you think we don't get dirty jokes about that one... The scene is on the bridge. The scene is always on the bridge.

CURT: Mr. Smartoff!

SMARTOFF: Sorry, Sir. (Goes to his place.)

CURT: Mr. Swock, something's wrong in this sector of the Galaxy. I just know it!

SWOCK: Intuition, Captain?

CURT: No! It happens every Friday!

SWOCK: Then we have one of two choices. Either there is a nearby paradise which we must destroy, or there is a nearby godlike man, animal, or machine which we must destroy.

CURT: That's not much variety, Mr. Swock.

SWOCK: It never is, Captain.

ALURA: I'm getting a report from the ruined-computer-tape-analysis lab, Sir. They say that there'll be a destroyed Federation ship in the usual place, and we can proceed from there.

SWOCK: Captain! Sensor readings show that our menace this week is the cyborg of what once was a human being, built on Mars, and now boldly going where no android has gone before.

CURT: We've already been there. Mr. Solo, lay in a course for the Menace.

SOLO: Aye, Captain, for the Menace it is.

ALL: Oh, we're off to meet the Menace,
The marvelous Menace from Mars,
We hear he is a menacing man,
If ever a man he was.
If ever a menacing man there was,
The Menace from Mars is one because,
Because, because, because, because, because,
Because of the menacing things he does.

SWOCK: Captain, sensors report a menacing object dead ahead.

CURT: What does it look like?

SWOCK: A rather unpleasant human being, Sir. It has the name "Dr. Smith" tattooed across its forehead.

CURT: An alias. Helmsman, reverse course!

SOLO: Sir, we are going 64 times the speed of light. According to the laws of inertia, reversing the course would take three years, seven months, five days...

SWOCK (interrupting): You are stealing my line, Mr. Solo. May I suggest that you simply press the little white button next to the red lever?

SOLO: The one under the magenta dial?

SWOCK: Affirmative.

(Solo presses button. Everyone leans hard around as the ship swerves.)

SOLO: Well, waddya know!

CURT: Mr. Smartoff, it was your job to signal that turn. Why did you fail to do so?

SMARTOFF: I have a very low efficiency rating, Sir. Besides, the turn signal's busted.

CURT (to communicator): Mr. Scott, up here on the double.

SPOTT (over communicator): I canna ge' the lift, Sir. It's been ta'en over by a convention o' Armenian plumbers.

SOLO: I knew we should have booked the whole ship.

CURT (to communicator): Get out of my elevator! (Female giggle from the communicator.) And leave my crew alone! (Elevator doors open and Spotty comes staggering out, looking sheepish.)

CURT: Mr. Spott, why do you always have such trouble with the machinery on this vessel?

SPOTT: Wha' can ye do, Captain, wi' a ship that looks like it was designed by Andy Warhol?

CURT: Who?

SMARTOFF: A Russian artist, Sir, if I understood what

he was trying to say.

SPOTT: Ye' ken be'er if ye spoke English. (Everyone looks at him and grins. He clears his throat and speaks quickly.) Ah....wha' did ye want to see me about, Captain?

CURT: Plenty. There's no hot water, the radiator in my cabin is knocking, the lawn needs mowing, and we're lucky the roof's not leaking 'cause we'd all be dead. Also, the turn signal's busted.

SPOTTY: Tha's no mah depar'tment. Try Star Fleet an' maybe they'll send a janitor.

CURT: Lieutenant Alura, open a channel to Star Fleet.

ALURA: Frequent halencies open, Sir.

CURT: What was that?

ALURA: I said, "Freaking opencies halent, Sir."

CURT: Analysis, Mr. Swock?

SWOCK: There are two possibilities, Captain. Miss Alura may not have sufficiently rehearsed the words she is trying to say. (Alura raises an eyebrow and looks incredulous.) Or it is merely the result of the fact that we are traveling at speech warp one, and she is the one.

CURT: Mr. Swock, your logic is incredible.

SWOCK: Thank you, Sir.

ALURA: Sir, I have Star Fleet. They say they can't assign us a janitor because they're too busy answering complaints.

CURT: Complaints?

ALURA: Yes, Sir. It seems the transporter beam's been interfering with TV reception, and people keep picking up Mr. Swock on channel 4.

SWOCK: I see no logic in complaining about that.

CURT: We'll worry about that later. What about the menace?

SWOCK: As I mentioned before, Captain, he is dead. He is now dead astern, in fact.

CURT: Er...Mr. Swock, it's not that I mistrust your grasp of English idiom, but I'd rather have a corroborating opinion on that. (to communicator) Dr. McA. to the bridge. (Swock blinks once, and lowers his head to look at his small viewscreen. This is the most expressive gesture he has made in three months, and we can tell that he is extremely pained at the prospect.)

DR. McCA. (over communicator - female giggle in the background...he speaks in a Southern drawl): Why sure thing, James my boy.

(Door opens and McA. weaves out, slightly drunk. Sees Mr. Swock.)

DR. McA.: Well, if it isn't the Lime Lover. Tell me, how is Star Fleet's little credibility gap today?

SWOCK: Dr....

McA.: Hey! I hear that green blood makes a great mint julep, Mr. Bunny.



SWOCK: Dr. Mc...

McA.: Or may I call you Bugs? Y'know, you have the original high rise eyebrows! Why I...

SWOCK (roars): Drop dead!

(McA. faints.)

CURT: Mr. Swock, I give the orders around here.

SWOCK: My apologies, Captain.

(Suddenly everyone is thrown around by a violent explosion.)

SMARTOFF: We forgot about the menace!

McA. (runs over and examines Spotty, who was thrown down, and hasn't moved): James, Spotty's dead again.

CURT: Boney, I can't spare him! He's not a disposable security man; you've got to save him. We need a miracle.

McA.: I'm a doctor, not a TV producer.

ALURA: I'm getting a signal, Sir.

CURT: Put it on the screen.

MENACE (on communicator): Menace calling flying tinkertoys, Menace calling...

CURT (interrupting): This is the USS Enterprise. Captain James T. Curt speaking.

MENACE: What does the "T." stand for?

CURT: Terrence. What do you want?

MENACE: I want you to do my bidding, of course.

CURT: When will you menaces learn? We humans are free, airy spirits. We must be allowed to waft our way through

life without restraint, without master or monarch, to suppress our delicate psyches. No human ever has or could possibly live under any restraint. Isn't that so?

CREW (in chorus): Yes, Sir!

CURT: So you see, you may offer us Paradise - we prefer our own Purgatory.

MENACE: What Paradise - I'm offering you a plumber.

CURT: In that case, we'll take it.

SWOCK: One moment, Captain. Menace, could you restore a human to life?

MENACE: Can't every menace?

CURT: We get back more crewmen that way. Restore my Chief Engineer.

(The Menace shrugs. Spotty sits up, gives McA. a dirty look, and stands.)

McA.: Well, you were wrong about it being dead, anyway.

SWOCK: I am not quite certain of that. Menace?

MENACE: Yes, Puck?

SWOCK: Our sensors show that you are floating in space with no air, no protection from radiation, no heat shielding, in short - no life-support system whatever. Your mass is on the order of five billion metric tons, and by the laws of physics, such a massive human cannot survive, even on a planet.

MENACE: I'm not really human.

SWOCK: Possibly. Your heart's in the wrong place, you're cockeyed and lily-livered (which makes you part bird and part plant) you're spineless and footloose, and you are headed in the wrong direction (which must make it rather difficult to put on your tie). You are empty-handed and close-fisted. You are also bloodthirsty, although you show none of the stigmata of vampirism. Despite your multiple anomalies, however, you have a biochemistry and a physiology which are quite human enough to make it logically impossible for you to survive for longer than six weeks, two days, three....

MENACE: But I'm much older than that!

SWOCK: Precisely.

MENACE: But that would mean I'm dead.

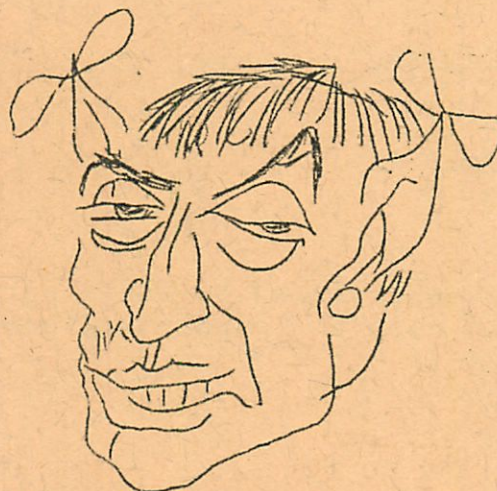
SWOCK: Logically, you are.

MENACE: That's ridic.... (a look of pain comes over the menacing face. He groans.) No, I'm alive. I'm...

CURT: Wait! Mr. Swock will let you be alive under one condition.

MENACE (gasps): What?

CURT: There is one enemy we've never been able to overcome. They almost destroy us regularly. We've fought them with phaser and torpedoes and teeth and claws, and pens (which are, at least, mightier than swords.) We've fought till we were old and grey, and nothing seems to stop them. (Breaks into a deep sobbing.)



SWOCK: Jim, you're wasting water.

CURT: That's another book.

MENACE: What is it, Captain? The Klingons?

CURT: No.

MENACE: The Romulans, then.

CURT: No, those enemies we can handle. Menace, I want you to fight the Nielsens!

MENACE: Brilliant! They adore stupid monsters. I'll get right to it. But wait a minute - I can't. The non-interference directive....

CURT (grins): Do what I do. Ignore the directive, and it goes away!

MENACE: Brilliant! (Turns and disappears.)

SWOCK: His chances are only 1 in 109876.54321. Captain, the Nielsens wouldn't even notice a concerted attack by every teenybopper on Earth.

CURT (sighs): It was an idea. Let's get out of here.

SOLO: Captain, the last impact from the Menace impelled us just past the area covered by our star charts.

CURT: That would put us one step beyond the outer limit!

SWOCK: Affirmative, Sir. We are now lost in space.

CURT: I should have known better than to tangle with someone named Dr. Smith.

(Scene half fades. Everyone is motionless except Smartoff, who stands and comes forward again.)

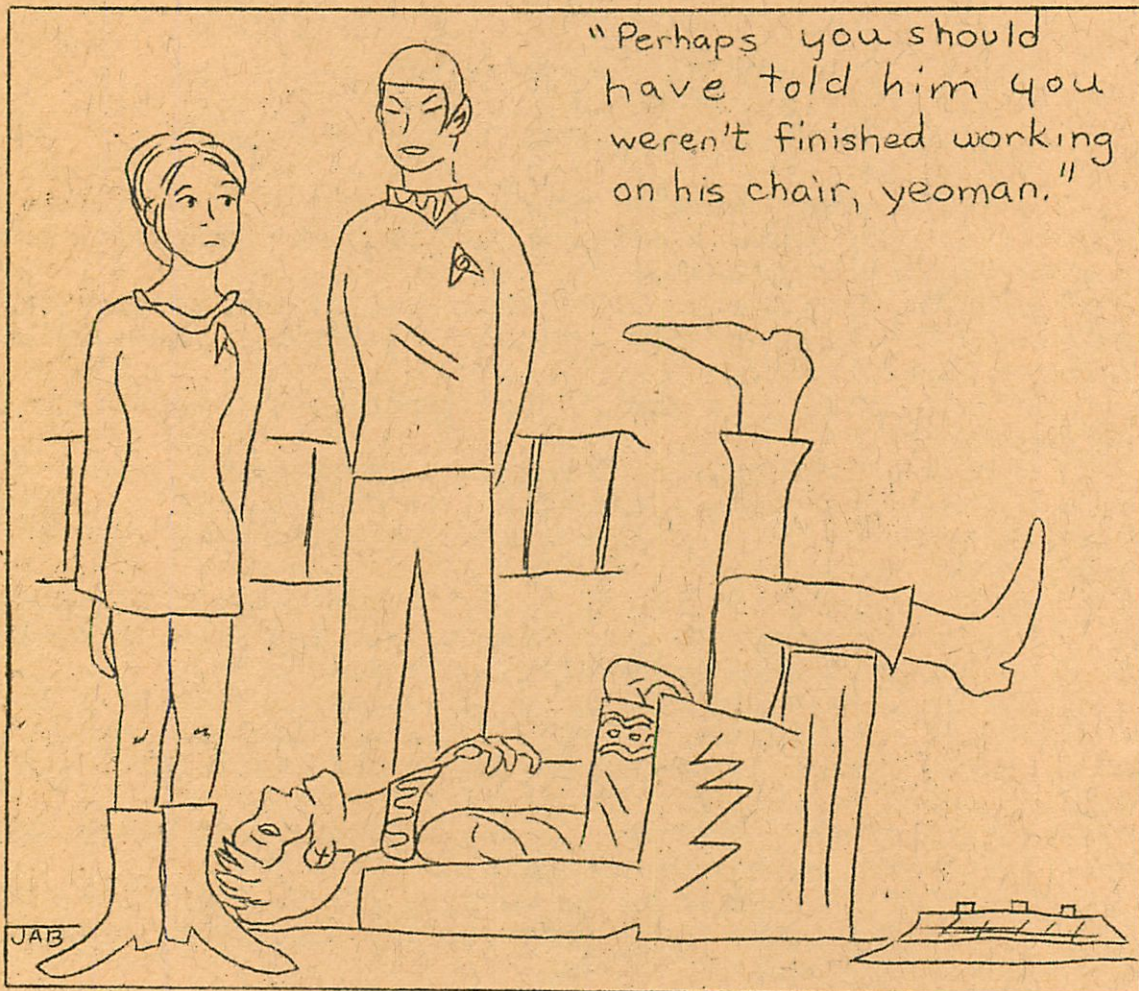
SMARTOFF: These were the voyages of the Space Ship Under-size. For five years we're gonna boldly split the infinitive. And they say my English is bad.

CURT: Mr. Smartoff!

SMARTOFF: Sorry, Sir. (Returns to his seat.)

Fade out.

(The author wishes to thank her father, Mr. James C. Comerford, for his help in translating certain lines into the Scottish language.)



THE PROBABLE PLACE OF ART IN VULCAN CULTURE

by Sue H. Lewis

Vulcan art is known to exist, at least in the form of music. Although it is easy to see how Vulcans would appreciate the order and harmony of music, there is more to music than pattern. There must be meaning or purpose for art. The most nihilistic modernists of 20th century Terra had a purpose behind their works, even if it was only the ridicule of their audience or the disorder they saw in life. To have an art in a culture there must be artists, creators, composers; performers as well as audience. Therefore, it must be concluded that the Vulcans still possess the passion necessary to create, as well as the urge to create and express feelings. In view of this implication it is hardly surprising that Vulcan art is not exported or discussed in Terran company. No amount of discipline and abstraction can remove from art its personal and emotional qualities.

If art is a part of Vulcan culture, what role can be assigned to it? In Terran culture, art affects some sort of emotional release for the artist and, if it is successful, evokes the same emotion in some degree and affects a similar release for the audience.

There has been much speculation on Vulcan methods of emotional release, from the use of milder depressants analogous to alcohol to exotic drugs, and mind contact orgies. However, the most direct emotional release is obtainable through the expression of emotion in abstract form - art. Art also has the advantage that one can retain self-control and dignity and still experience catharsis. This means is efficient as well. It exhausts the emotion, rather than merely thrusting it away with temporary euphoria or distraction.

It is probably safe to speculate that on Vulcan the arts

are highly valued for this reason. Besides their cathartic qualities they are also an excellent vehicle for the presentation of ideals of conduct exemplified by the behavior of heroes and heroines. In short, art would occupy much the same position in Vulcan culture as it does in Terran, though perhaps more conscious of its role and more actively supported and engaged in by the populace.

From the Vulcan ideals of control and logic, we can expect that their art is controlled and logical. Perhaps it is like the Classical period of the West, or the highly formal style of the Far East in music. In poetry, one would expect strict

patterns of rhyme, meter, or assonance, and a wealth of poetic convention, to elevate and abstract the subject. In drama, relentless logic of events, similar to Greek tragedy, and stylization of action, similar to Noh drama, might dominate. In painting and sculpture, both representational and abstract styles can be expected, but no sentimentalism.

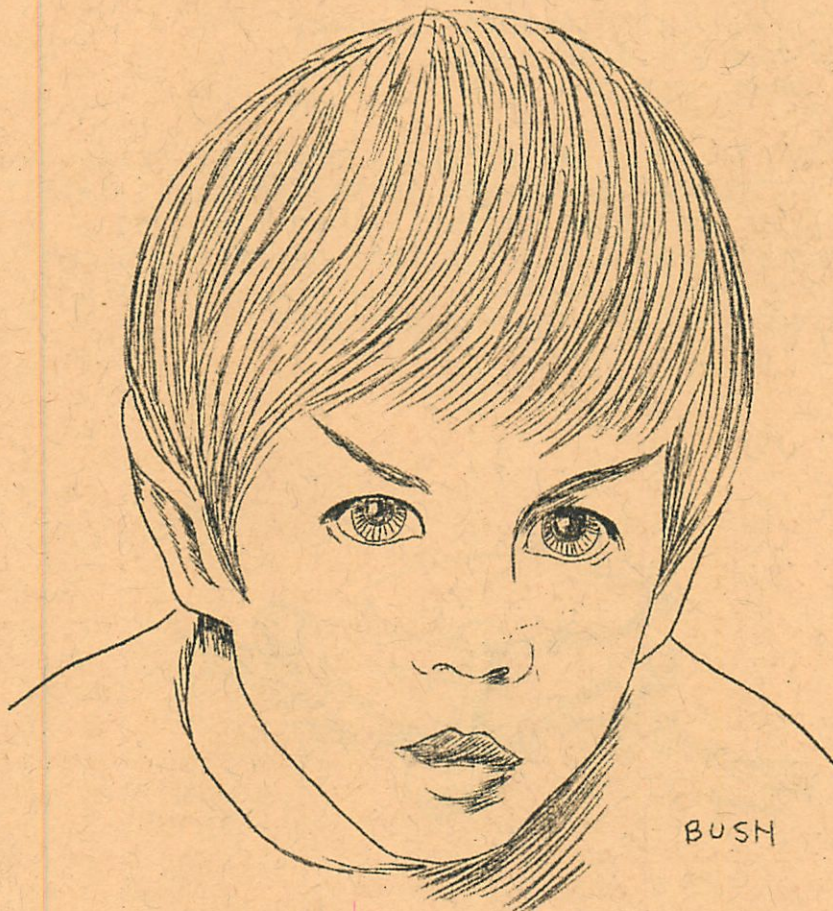


There is probably a great deal of didactic Vulcan art, and works of serious morality. This is not to say that a Terran audience would find them dull. Satire is one of the most potent resources of

moralists. A Terran audience would notice the absence of "thriller" style titillation through violence and sex. This sort of behavior would be regarded as debased and uncivilized, the sort of thing a civilized being would strive to overcome and control, channeling energy into more constructive endeavors. Nor is it to be expected that with their need for restraint, Vulcans would enjoy the peep-show style of entertainment of an anti-pleasure morality. Vulcan art would endeavor to foster belief in logic and restraint as pleasurable. Audiences would delight in the exploits of wise and virtuous heroes who would triumph over their adversaries in the most satisfactory manner. The violence of the villain's doom would fulfill antisocial urges in a socially beneficial and just

manner. A Terran would probably not find Vulcan art dull, though the treatment and subject might be a little abstract for Terran tastes.

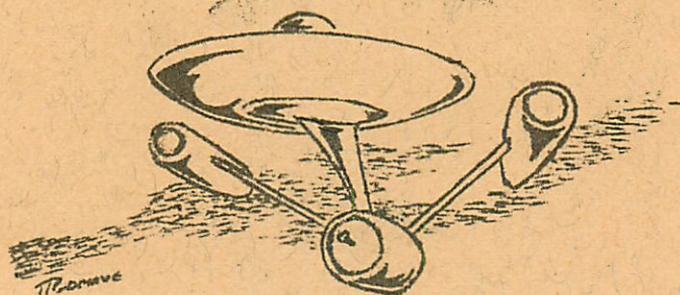
If the Vulcan practice of self-control is vital because of their strong underlying passions, then their art must continually remind them that they are civilized, strong, controlled, and virtuous. It must emphasize the wise, the just, the benevolent, and strengthen the will to achieve wisdom, justice, and benevolence. Unlike art as an arm of the state, Vulcan art would be as it is because the ideals it portrays actually are those of the culture, not just those ideals convenient for a ruling elite. The goal depicted would be the self-willed achievement of civilization in spite of animal needs and passions, and the ground for optimism would be the success Vulcan culture has had working toward that goal to date.



ALT

by Terri Harris

There is a place,
 or was,
 Where things are different still.
 Blood is cool, and minds are hard, and souls are tempered glass
 And crystalline reproof, in that far land.
 But one alone there is who stands apart -
 A blackly flaring phoenix sheathed in rock,
 Keeping death to his obsidian heart.
 And ever there, that other,
 Strong as trees,
 Who with their quiet growing, rend all things -
 Sky, earth, and darkness, death and light itself
 And glass and rocky prisms, given time -
 Longing like an exile for that one black flame
 That she sees reflected in the eyes of stars
 Holds a smoldering feather-ember in her hand
 Looks skyward
 And wonders.



intimations of mr. Spock

by John Boardman

The Science Officer of the USS Enterprise is, according to common knowledge, the son of a Vulcan diplomat and a Ter-ran woman who has left her own planet to live among the Vul-cans. It is generally believed that he is the first such offspring of members of these two sentient species, so dif-ferent and yet so alike, who reside on different worlds.

Yet if we go behind the terra cognita of modern science, and look into the tales which have come to us out of the Mid-dle Ages, we find another man who could well be of Earth-Vulcan parentage. Granted, at the distance of more than seven centuries in time, it is difficult to get at hard facts about Dom Manuel, Count of Poictesme (1213-1239). A cycle of legend has grown up about this enigmatic person, so that we are hard-put to tell where the historical Manuel leaves off and the Manuel of Poictoumois fable begins. It may be that they are as far separated as the "King Arthur" of myth and the shadowy mercenary captain whose name and little else has been given to that myth. Yet the little that comes to us about this man suggests numerous resemblances in his person and character to Mr. Spock.

Manuel's parentage was, like Spock's, mixed. His mother was a peasant woman, Dorothy of the White Arms, but his father was the blind water-demon Oriander. (Or so it is reported by the medieval chroniclers.) It was from his father that Manuel inherited the squinted left eyebrow which so distin-guished him and many of his descendants. And Oriander's father Mimir, for whom Manuel was once mistaken, is described as having "cold hard pointed ears." (1)

Of course, there are also differences between the two men. Manuel was a medieval war-lord, who by his shrewdness

and luck came up from swine-tending to rule a fertile province. Spock is a Star Ship officer, for whom violence and disorder are exceptions to the routine of his life, rather than being the routine of life as they were for Manuel. And Spock was raised on Vulcan, while Manuel was brought up in the irrationality and squalor of the early 13th century on Earth.

But Spock and Manuel were equally immune to emotional words and deeds. After Manuel's mysterious disappearance, his follower Anavalt de Fomor lamented him with these words:

Manuel was terrible. There was no softness in him, no hesitancy, and no pity... I do not weep for Manuel, because he would never have wept for me nor for anybody else; but I regret that man of iron and the protection he was to us who are not ruthless iron but flesh. (2)

The sorcerer Miramon Lluagor, who of all his followers knew Dom Manuel most intimately, appreciated him as a scholar appreciates a man of action:

Manuel did not expostulate, he did not explain, he did not argue; he, instead, in any time of trouble or of uncertainty, kept quiet; and that quiet struck terror to his ever-babbling race, and had earned for the dull-witted but shrewd fellow...a dreadful name for impenetrable wisdom and for boundless resource. (3)

Yet Miramon was probably being too hard on his former liege lord, for it is hard for an intellectual to admit even to himself that a man of action may have as many brains as he himself does. Manuel could, when the need arose, practice delusions not only upon his fellow-humans but even upon such unearthly beings as Queen Freydis of Audela. As Anavalt said:

With a feather he put a deception upon three kings, but the queens that he played his tricks on were more than three, nor was it any feather that he diddled them with... The person whom he was deluding would give Manuel whatever he required. It was like eating honey, to be deluded by Manuel. (4)

In physical appearance Manuel was "a gigantic and florid person, so tall that the heads of few men reached to his shoulder; a person of handsome exterior, high featured and blond,



having a narrow small head, and vivid light blue eyes, and the chest of a stallion." (5) Something of this shows in Spock, who is taller and more muscular than the other Enterprise officers. As for the complexion, it must be remembered that Manuel's mother was "a woman of Ath Cliath" (6) and thus presumably Irish.

Manuel must have strongly resented the denial of his alien heritage. Unlike the distant affection which exists between Spock and his father, Manuel quite cordially hated Oriander. The rough and cynical Coth des Roches described

their final encounter thus: "I saw that fight. He put off... Oriander's head from his body, with such pleasure as Manuel showed in no other combat." (7)

Not only in his personality, but in the way he is regarded by others, does Spock resemble Manuel. A chronicler of our time, who has done much to disentangle the historical Manuel from the cloud of legend about him, contrasts the grim gray Count with Poictesme's other folk-hero, the notorious Jurgen, son of Coth. While quoting with approval Codman's judgment that "Dom Manuel is the Achilles of Poictesme, as Jurgen is its Ulysses," (8) James Branch Cabell says elsewhere that "in appraising the two legendary heroes of Poictesme, the sex of whom Jurgen esteemed himself a connoisseur almost unanimously prefer/s/ Manuel." (9) It was this fact that first suggested a similarity between Spock and Manuel to the author, for Spock also has a devoted following from the fair sex. If, to carry the analogy out, a Jurgen must also be sought in the crew of the Enterprise, then Dr. McCoy is our man.

Under the assumption that the being described as a "water-demon" was actually a Vulcan, we can fill in some of the blank places in the Manuel legend. We have here a psychotic Vulcan, who rejects the tenets of his people and flees to the barbaric Earth. (Perhaps his ship lands in a body of water, giving rise to the "water-demon" fable.) On Earth he behaves like a remittance man on a South Sea island, fathering and rejecting a half-breed son, whose resentment eventually proves fatal to his sire.

And what finally became of Manuel? His passing on September 29, 1239, at the age of 56, was witnessed only by two four-year-olds, his daughter Melicent and the aforesaid Jurgen. From their confused accounts it appeared that a stranger had called on the Count, and the Count had accompanied him westward to Morven Heath and out of human ken. But "pious people here speak of an ascension," (10) and Jurgen maintained steadfastly that there "had ensued a transfiguration...and Dom Manuel's elevation into the glowing clouds of sunset." (11)

Could a Vulcan have visited Earth to collect this half-breed and bring him back to his father's planet? If this is the reality behind the Poictoumois fables of Manuel and his

deeds, then the archives on Vulcan can throw a new light on one of the more obscure corners of medieval Europe.

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- (1) Cabell, James Branch, Figures of Earth, p. 184. All page references in these notes are to the Kalki edition.
 (2) Cabell, The Silver Stallion, p. 19.
 (3) Ibid., p. 64.
 (4) Ibid., pp. 18-19.
 (5) Cabell, Figures of Earth, p. 5.
 (6) Ibid.
 (7) Cabell, The Silver Stallion, p. 151.
 (8) Cabell, Figures of Earth, p.xv.
 (9) Cabell, Preface to the Past, p.46.
 (10) Cabell, Figures of Earth, p. 353.
 (11) Cabell, The Silver Stallion, p. 4.



MOST ILLOGICAL

44

A
LAMENT
FOR THE
UNSUNG DEAD

by Jane Peyton

I pace the room
 and worry my nails
And try to keep myself
 from going to him.
I can see him from here,
 as I look through the door.
He sits at my desk,
 his proud Vulcan head cradled in his arms.
He's been sleeping for hours,
 for the first time in days,
While I pace the anteroom
 and somehow give him the peace he needs.

It's seemed like years
Since the Captain called from the planet
 and Spock went racing to his aid.
The transporter still out,
 we had to use the shuttle,
Spock berating himself all the way
 for not having gone down sooner
Despite the Captain's orders.

Once below,
We fought our way
 through the enemy lines,
Spock spearheading our progress,
 swinging the broadsword necessitated by regulations.
Technically, I suppose,
 our rescue party shouldn't even have been there,
But Spock was beyond caring,
 as were we all.

By the time we reached the stronghold,
 the Captain had entered into unconsciousness,
 And shortly thereafter,
 while Spock defended the entrance alone,
 The Captain passed away
 despite all we could do.
 Spock's fighting increased in ferocity,
 but otherwise he seemed unmoved.
 The Doctor smashed his medical kit
 against the wall,
 And then picked up the Captain's sword
 and took his place next to Spock.
 The Vulcan pushed him aside
 and fought alone
 Until the transporter was repaired.
 Was Spock's reaction due to upset?
 anger?
 I don't know.
 The Doctor's fencing is frightfully inept.

That was all a month ago.
 At first, Spock had reacted to the Captain's death
 in typically Vulcan manner:
 He seemed completely untouched.
 But after the family funeral
 where he did not fit in,
 And after the medal
 which he would not accept,
 He grew increasingly lost.
 It was not obvious,
 but I noticed.
 His promotion came a week ago,
 but he hasn't yet changed the braid on his cuffs.

And today I opened my door,
 and there he stood.
 He asked permission to see me,
 and wordlessly, in confusion,
 I let him in.
 His stride was hesitant;
 he still carries a limp from the battle;
 Although his manner is as always.
 Formally, he inquired as to whether
 I had ever lost a friend,
 An important friend,
 and if so, what did I do?
 He was reaching out
 for an undefinable something,
 But in his own way,
 and for the first time.



MAC

Carefully, I told him:
 "I have lost friends before,
 some of them very dear to me,
 But the emptiness passes.
 It becomes filled with life,
 and living,
 And with other people."
 "Not when there are no others," he replied,
 and started to leave.

I couldn't let him turn away like that.
 I persuaded him to stay and talk,
 But he was silent for a long time,
 and when he spoke,
 It was to apologize for coming.
 I convinced him not to leave,
 and since his meals had become progressively neglected,
 I asked him to wait
 while I went to get some lunch,
 And when I returned,
 he was asleep.

Why did he come to me?
 I have no illusions;
 he does not love me.
 I doubt he can ever love anyone,
 but friendship can touch him.
 Am I perhaps considered a friend?
 I hope not.
 I hope he does not count on me
 to make him what he isn't.
 He is a man who must walk alone,
 And even the love I would give him
 isn't worth a thing,
 Not to him
 or me,
 Because it isn't ours,
 only mine.
 I fear the glimmer of humanity inside him
 will shrivel and die,
 But I can do nothing,
 Not to help
 or hurt him,
 And because of the stoicism he taught me,
 unintentionally,
 I can't even cry for him.

EXCERPT FROM

THE YOUNG VULCAN'S HANDBOOK OF EMOTIONAL CONTROL

translated, with explanatory notes, by Deborah Langsam

Many thanks to Shirley Meech (original translator of "Excerpt From The Young Vulcan's Handbook of Emotional Control") without whose encouragement this article could not have been completed.

TRANSLATOR'S NOTE: These are parts of The Young Vulcan's Handbook which deal with the importance of maintaining a healthy body through physical activity. These are basic techniques used in training the pre-adolescent Vulcan.

THE PURPOSE OF EXERCISE -

Each Vulcan should exercise according to his capabilities, in order to bring his body to optimal efficiency. A sub-standard body is susceptible to disease. Those who become ill as a result of their own negligence are wasteful. They do their jobs inefficiently, tend to have poor emotion control, and absorb the time of doctors who might otherwise attend those with non-preventable diseases. It is also aesthetically unpleasant to observe those with improper muscle tone and an imbalance of body fat. (TRANSLATOR'S NOTE: Contrary to popular belief, Vulcans have a strong sense of aesthetic value. One subject was noted as commenting on the beauty of a dilithium crystal.)

EXERCISE PROGRAMS -

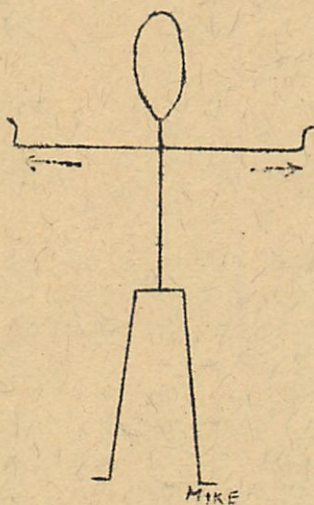
Exercise programs should contain a balance between kroichare and ranchare. (TRANSLATOR'S NOTE: literal translation - "stop exertions" and "movement exertions". The nearest English equivalents - isometrics and calisthenics.)

Kroichare emphasizes muscle strength and control. Most basic positions involve the maintenance of muscular contractions. The contractions may exercise small or large motor regions. It is perfectly acceptable to work at achieving unusual strength in the arms or legs. One must not, however, neglect other parts of the body while doing concentrated work in a particular area. There are four basic types of kroichare:

A. Stationary - These are sustained muscular contractions with no locomotive forces; there are no changes in body position during any one exercise. Practice the following exercise for strength and control of the forearm and upper back muscles.

Assume an erect stance with feet comfortably apart. Raise arms sideward to shoulder level. Press the heels of the hands outward (see diagram A). Do not raise the shoulders. The erect stance must be maintained. Be careful not to lean forward or back. Hold this position for ten seconds. Release the muscles by relaxing the hands and dropping the arms to one's sides. Do this exercise at least three times daily. Increase the duration of the contraction by five seconds every other day until the period of thirty seconds is achieved. This exercise is classified under A2. Exercises of this classification may be done, with some modifications, in a sitting position. For a complete listing, check Appendix A - tape frames 387-407.

Diagram A

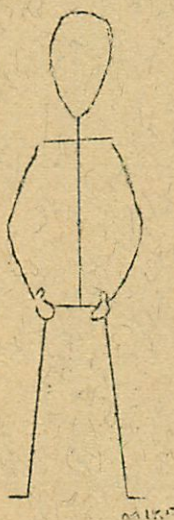


B. Sustained Locomotive - These exercises involve the maintenance of muscular control during sustained locomotive exertions. The movements should flow one into the other. Modifications of similar movements are an integral part of traditional and contemporary Vulcan dance. Practice this basic exercise.

Assume an erect stance with feet comfortably apart.

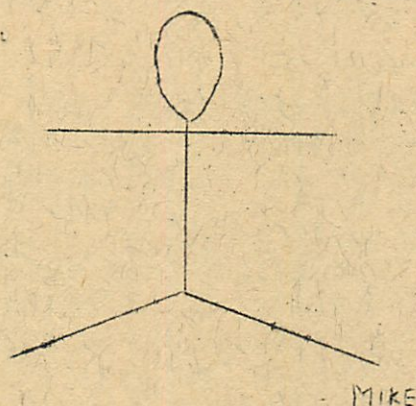
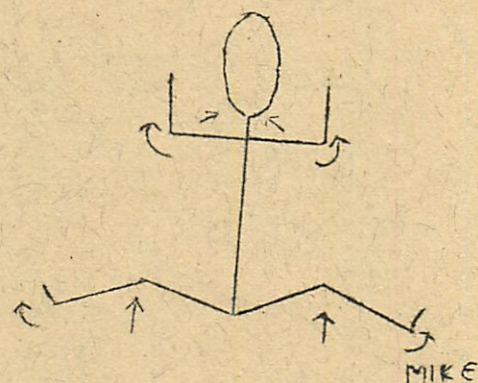
Place fists, thumbs outward, on the pubic bones (the forward lower bones of the pelvic girdle) (see diagram B). Contract the arm, leg, and abdominal muscles. Bend the torso and head forward as slowly and as far as possible. Make sure that they are in a straight diagonal with respect to the stationary legs. Slowly assume the original stance. Try to lower the torso and head more each time. Do this exercise at least two times daily. This exercise is classified under A3. For a complete listing, check Appendix A - tape frames 408-426.

Diagram B



C. Rapid Position Change - These are changes from one muscular contraction or stretch to another. The exercises are especially useful in training precision muscle control. Practice the following exercise.

Sit erectly with legs wide apart, toes pointed and arms sideward to shoulder level (see diagram C 1). Hold for a count of eight. Contract arm, leg, and abdominal muscles strongly. Arms bend up sharply at the elbows and legs bend sharply at the knee. The feet contract strongly so that the toes point up. Lift the chin. Heels should remain in the same position on the floor during the entire exercise (see diagram C 2). Hold this position for a count of eight. Repeat this exercise holding for counts of four, three, two, and one. This exercise is classified under A4. For a complete listing, check Appendix A - tape frames 427-449.

Diagram C₁ (seated)Diagram C₂ (seated)

D. Yaschare - These exercises combine physical and mental exertions. They resemble the flaegraisien disciplines of Beta IX and the yoga disciplines of Terra. They are advanced exercises which will be further explained in the Advanced Level Handbook.

Ranchare emphasizes muscular agility and co-ordination. Most basic exertions involve locomotive forces; the body is almost constantly in motion. They usually involve large motor regions and characteristically cause very rapid heart-beat, heavy breathing and increased glandular activity. There are two types of ranchare.

A. Pramchare - These exercises are characterized by the repeated sequences of specific body positions. Practice the following exercise.

Position 1 - Torso erect, arms at sides, legs together, feet parallel.

Position 2 - Torso erect, arms at sides, legs wide apart, feet parallel.

Position 3 - Torso erect, right arm forward, left arm back, right leg back, left leg forward.

Position 4 - Torso erect, right arm back, left arm forward, right leg forward, left leg back.

Assume position 1. Jump to position 2. Jump to position 1. Jump to position 3. Jump to position 1. Jump to position 4. Jump to position 1. Be sure to maintain opposition in positions 3 and 4. It is advisable to precede this exercise with less strenuous ones. Repeat this ten times daily with increasing speed. This exer-

cise is classified under B3. For a complete listing check Appendix B - tape frames 553 - 570.

B. Thailchare - Each activity in this category is a combination of many basic skills. These activities are more adaptable than any other form of exercise; the individual may initiate and refine a technique which proves particularly successful to his performance of the activity. Sports fall into this category. (TRANSLATOR'S NOTE: The Vulcan word which I have rendered as "sports" includes a variety of non-competitive activities as well as the ones which Terrans commonly associate with this term. The portion which follows in the original manuscript, which I have omitted, is a listing and discussion of various activities included in this category, i.e., swimming, field and track, dancing, competition with archaic weapons, gymnastics, trampoline.)

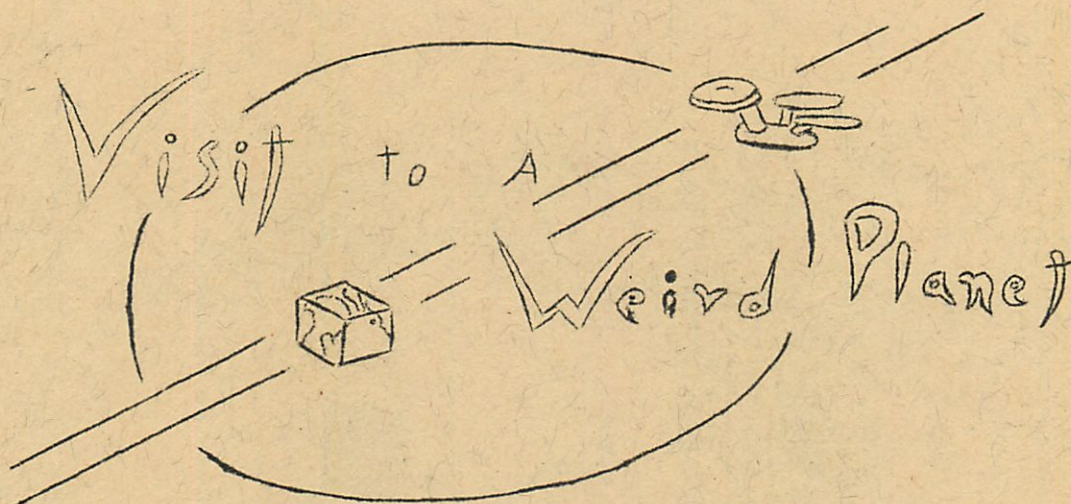
Although exercise is included within your school schedule, you should also exercise as part of your private daily routine. This is a necessary preparation for adulthood, when exercise is exclusively one's own responsibility. You will find that exercise is helpful in pain and emotion control; concentrate on a muscular contraction when you are inclined toward emotional reaction. Advanced exertions will be introduced into your exercise programs as you progress in skill and physical development.

Aichare is an exercise programmed to aid emotional control, permit communication of certain intellectual processes, and increase control of and circulation to certain of the smaller, precisely controllable muscles.

The subject stands relaxed, facing forward, facial muscles completely motionless. At the proper stimulus, first raise, then lower either eyebrow once.

- Sherna C. Burley





or

The inside story behind the antagonism of a certain network
toward a certain segment of the population,
by Jean Lorrah and Willard F. Hunt

The mission had been long and hazardous. Captain James T. Kirk breathed a sigh of relief as he stood ready to beam back aboard the Enterprise, First Officer Spock on his right and Dr. Leonard McCoy on his left. He paid little attention to the familiar sensations of the transporter, for he was thinking of a leisurely meal, a hot bath to sooth his aching muscles, and then...

Feeling himself once more in one piece upon the transporter platform, Kirk stepped forward -- and stopped in astonishment. "What the devil's going on here?"

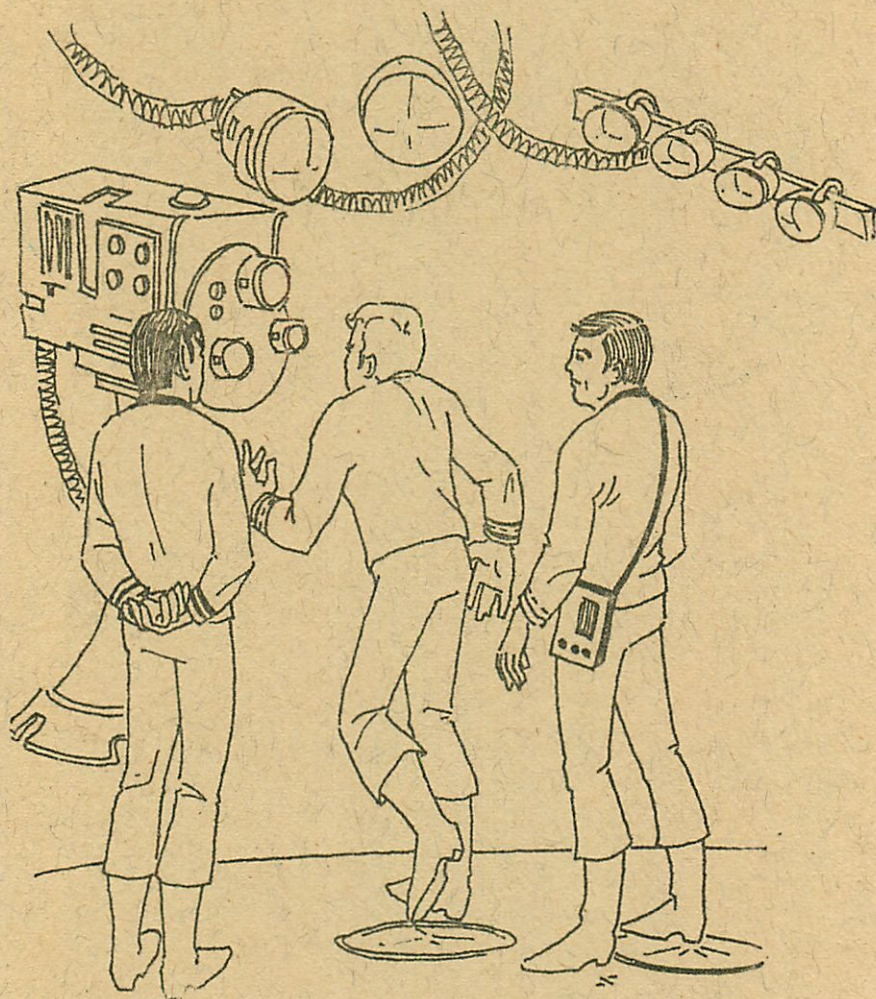
The whole opposite wall of the transporter room was missing!

Tangles of wire snaked across the floor and hung from the ceiling, men in strange costumes stood about, and Kirk's view of what might be behind the missing wall was blocked by a monstrous piece of machinery that seemed to be pointed directly at him. Hot, intense lights nearly blinded him.

"What have you done to my ship?" he demanded.

"Cut!"

A tall man stepped toward Kirk with an air of controlled irritation. "Bill, that's the third time you've blown that



line! It's..." he looked into a sheaf of varicolored pages, "Scotty, get a report on that power source and meet me in the briefing room.' You're not even close to the script!"

Script? Kirk stared at the man, who shoved the multi-colored manuscript into his hands, saying, "Now go get this scene straight once and for all so we can strike the transporter!" He turned to the men and the huge machine and began issuing further instructions.

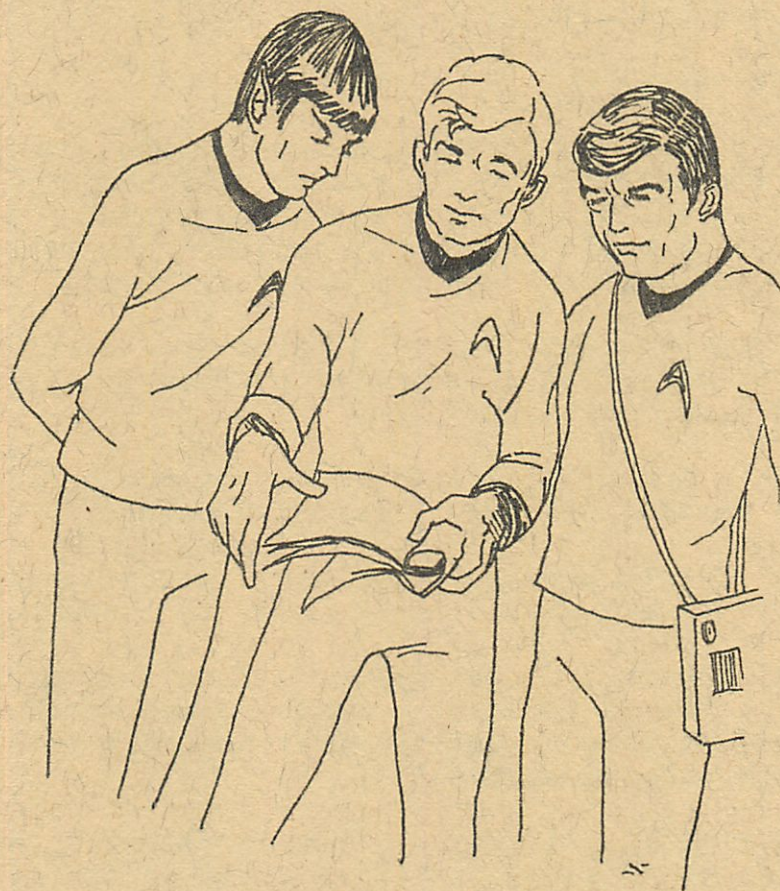
Bewildered, Kirk looked down at the manuscript. "Star Trek," it said, "' _____' by _____." Leafing through it, he saw that it was written in the form of a play, and the characters speaking were mostly Kirk, Spock, and McCoy! The latter two, in reality, were by this time looking over his shoulder from either side. Without speaking, Kirk

led them away from the group of men, into a more secluded portion of what they could now see was obviously not the U.S.S. Enterprise. They were in a huge, high-ceilinged room strung high with electrical equipment and cluttered low with what seemed to be bits and pieces of a Federation starship.

"What do you think, Spock?" Kirk asked when they were out of hearing of the strangers.

"I don't know, Captain. As yet there is insufficient information to formulate a reasonable hypothesis."

"Well, then, what would be your guess?"



"Vulcans do not guess, Captain. We form conclusions from established fact."

"Of course." Kirk knew Spock had a tendency to quibble over semantics to give himself time to think. "What I meant was, what would be your tentative hypothesis?"

Spock studied the room for a few moments, then took the manuscript from Kirk and leafed through it again. "Based on the fragmentary historical records from your late middle twentieth century Earth and what we have seen here so far, I would say that through a multi-parallel space-time inversion we have been accidentally transferred into a television studio filming a futuristic space adventure series, which by Roddenberry's Law of Parallel Evolution is identical to what has actually, or I should say will, develop in our time."

"Fascinating," murmured Kirk, although it was uncertain whether he was referring to Spock's hypothesis or to the pair of scantily-clad young women wandering past them.

Spock, however, ignored the second possibility. "Yes, Captain, and quite interesting."

"Poppycock!"

They turned to the third member of the party, Spock already on the defensive. The doctor was the only man who could consistently arouse an emotional response in the Vulcan, although Spock would have hotly defended his reactions as logical. The two men were the best of friends.

"Do you have any logical alternative to suggest, Dr. McCoy?" Spock's look of superiority showed that he had anticipated the doctor's silence.

After a moment Kirk said, "Then by the non-interference directive we must not reveal our true nature."

"You're both out of your minds," McCoy observed sadly. "Or perhaps we all are, since we seem to be in a madhouse."

"Yes, Doctor," Spock agreed. "From the point of view of these people we would be considered mad were we to reveal ourselves. We have no logical alternative but to follow the non-interference directive."

"All right," said Kirk. "They apparently assume we are actors. We'll go along with that until we can get our bearings -- probably the rest of the day."

McCoy suddenly broke into his rare impish grin. "I'll be anxious to see what happens at the end of the day, when Spock tries to take off his make-up!"

Before Spock could answer, Kirk said, "Bones, help me figure out what scene they're doing. I'd better learn the lines. Spock, see if you can find your way outside and look around; try to find out exactly where and when we are. McCoy and I will try to bluff our way here."

They found the scene which they had beamed into. "No wonder they're upset!" Kirk observed. "I have one line and that's the end of the scene." He turned a few more pages. "You're in the next scene, Bones. Better learn your lines."

"I'm a doctor, not an actor!" grumbled McCoy; then, satisfied with having lodged his protest, he settled down to study the manuscript.

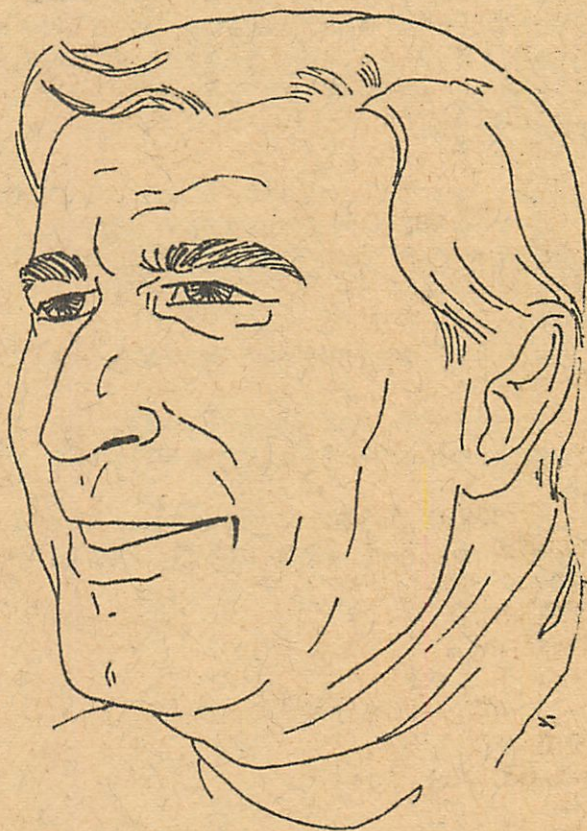
Looking around, Kirk noticed a small group of people being guided around the set by a gorgeous blonde. He stepped behind a computer, which turned out to be an empty shell. From this vantage point he watched the group approach McCoy.

"Oh, Penny," gushed an elaborately coiffured matron to the statuesque blonde, "I'm just so thrilled to be allowed to see the actual program being filmed! Oh! There's Dr. McCoy!" Her voice rose to shrill squeal on this last, and the two teenagers with her looked embarrassed. McCoy stood up uncertainly.

Penny, the blonde, introduced them, and McCoy could hardly get out a how-do-you-do before the woman was off again: "Dr. McCoy, I just can't believe I'm meeting you in person!"

"I'm certain of that," replied McCoy, but she continued without pause.

"You're my very favorite Star Trek person, and I don't think it's fair that you never get the girl. If it were me," she began with a conspiratorial wink, but was interrupted by a bored-looking man, apparently her husband.



"All right, Gladys, let the man get back to work."

"Oh, Albert!" she said petulantly, and returned her attention to McCoy. "Doctor, I know this is the wrong time to ask, but I've been having this back trouble..." and she launched into a long description of her symptoms. Kirk noticed McCoy fingering his medikit, and decided it was time to interrupt.

Just as he joined them, though, the woman finished her tale of woe and McCoy drew himself up and said, "Madame, may I suggest that you have been consulting the wrong kind of doctor?"

"What?" she asked uncertainly.

"You'd better watch out, De," laughed Penny. "There are laws against practicing medicine without a license."

At this point a teenage boy in the group shoved a piece of paper at Kirk and said, "Will you autograph this, Captain Kirk?"

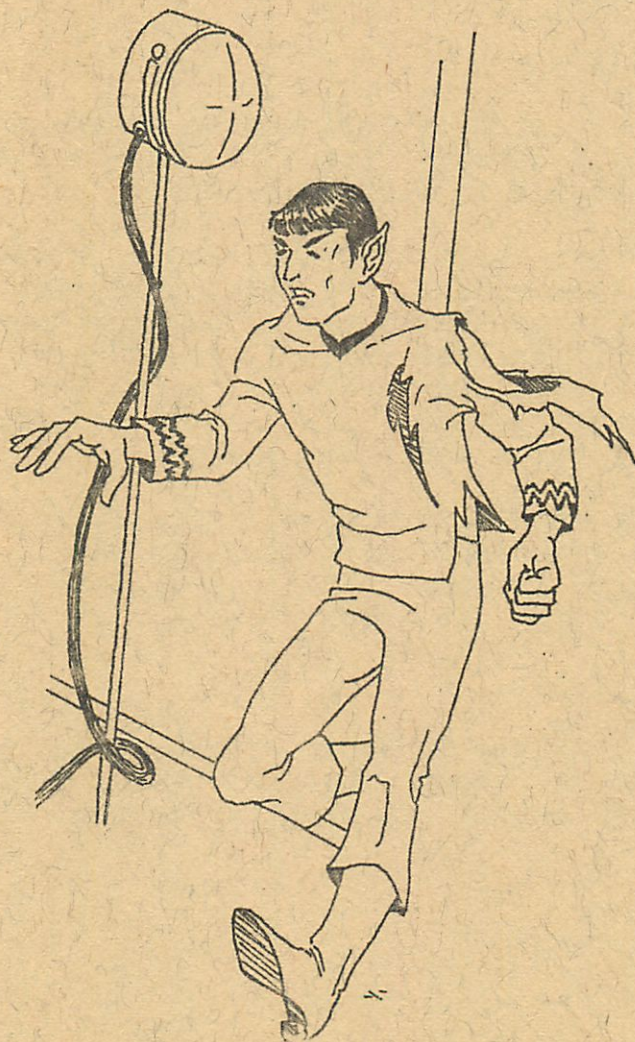


"Uh, all right," Kirk replied, and scribbled "James T. Kirk" with the pen that was thrust into his hand. This resulted in a flurry of papers and pictures being thrust at both him and McCoy, and several minutes spent merely signing their names. At one point the woman named Gladys got close enough to Kirk to begin, "Oh, Captain Kirk, you're my favorite Star Trek person, and --" at which point her husband dragged her away.

"This is so exciting!" said the teenage girl who completed the party. "But I did hope we could meet Mr. Spock."

"Yeah, where is Mr. Spock?" asked the boy.

Never one to miss a cue, Spock appeared at that moment through a door at the other end of the room, breathing hard, his hands over his ears, and his face registering the Vulcan equivalent of bewilderment. His shirt was torn, the Star Fleet insignia missing, and a fresh bruise was turning his left cheek an inhuman green.



"Spock!" cried Kirk, as he and McCoy broke away from the group of tourists to run to their friend.

Spock immediately reverted to his usual unemotional attitude, and said, "Don't go outside, Captain! Or you, Doctor. There's a crowd of people out there protesting against something called Nielsens."

"How did you get involved?"

"I didn't realize at first that there was any connection between those people and this program. Their signs read 'Cancel Stamps --- Not Programs' and 'Help Stamp Out Nielsens.' Also 'NBC is a Klingon Conspiracy.' I intended merely to walk past them, but the moment they saw me, they attacked."

"Attacked!"

"It was most illogical, Captain. They seemed more admiring than angry, yet they kept pulling at my clothes and... well, several people seemed to be under the impression that my ears were detachable. I'm afraid I lost both my communicator and my phaser."

"You idiot!"

The words were an explosion from a man running over with a fresh shirt for Spock. "Don't you know better by this time? Going outside in Costume! Here!"

He shoved the shirt at Spock, who apparently decided it was best to remain silent, and began stripping off his torn uniform top. The man continued, "You know how much those communicators cost. And the phaser! Fred!" he called suddenly, and another man came over, carrying a tin box. "Fix him up," the first man instructed. "I've got to go brave the mob, see if we can get the equipment back."

"Watch the ears!" were Fred's first words as Spock began casually pulling the new shirt over his head. "They want to start shooting again soon. What happened to you?" he demanded as he got a good look at Spock's cheek.

"A minor mishap."

"Sit down. Minor indeed!" Fred opened the box to reveal an array of makeup, chose a bottle of flesh-colored fluid, and began dabbing it over the bruise. "We'll have to

light you from the right until this heals."

Spock submitted to the makeup, McCoy went back to studying the script, and Kirk, letting his curiosity get the best of him, slipped out the door Spock had entered. He had to try several corridors before finding one that led outside, but the mob was there as Spock had described. Apparently they had swallowed up the man who had gone for their equipment; he was nowhere to be seen. Kirk noted with a wry smile that Spock had diplomatically not reported all the signs in evidence: there were several proclaiming "Mr. Spock for President," while one small one said, "Kirk for Vice-President: the Sooner the Better."

Seeing the man who had gone after Spock's equipment worming his way back through the crowd, Kirk hurried back onto the set. He had no sooner settled down than the man burst in and shoved the communicator at Spock. "Here," he said angrily. "Some kid ran off with the phaser, which is coming out of your salary!" He stomped off, and Spock stared after him, his eyebrows raised quizzically.

Just then Penny returned, this time with a telephone trailing a long cord. "Leonard," she called as she approached, "call for you."

"For me?"
asked McCoy in surprise.

"Not Leonard McCoy," she said impatiently, "Leonard Nimoy!" and shoved the phone at Spock, who took it hesitantly.

Just then the big man called, "Bill, come here and try that line again before we shoot it," and Kirk had to go off.

The last thing he heard was Spock saying into the phone in a puzzled voice, "Sandi Who?"



The rehearsal was fine, Spock and McCoy were called over, but just as they were prepared to shoot, someone noticed that under the lights the bruise on Spock's cheek showed right through the makeup.

"All right, you three take ten while we rearrange the lights."

Kirk, Spock and McCoy were standing off to one side watching the elaborate arrangements, when suddenly Kirk's communicator chirped. Surreptitiously he shook it open. "Kirk here."

"Captain! We've found ye!" Scotty's voice came through cheerfully.

"What happened?" demanded Kirk.

"Well, sir, it seems there was a multi-parallel space-time inversion. We've managed to find a para-spatial anomaly that will allow us to pull ye back, but--"

"Hold it, Scotty," whispered Kirk. "There's something going on here."

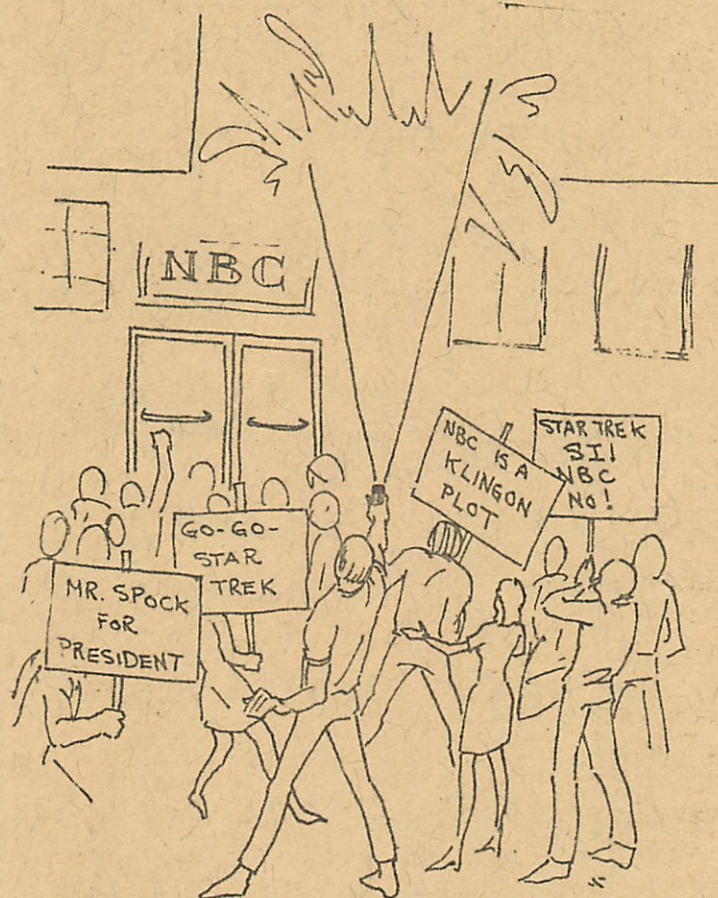
Penny, the blonde, was back, this time with a small radio. "Hey, everybody! Listen to this!"

"Penny..." the big man began impatiently.

"No, this is important, boss," she insisted, and turned up the volume.

"...word yet on the President's decision. In local news, the NBC television studios here in Burbank have been attacked by a teenage boy with what appeared at first to be a toy ray gun. Eyewitnesses report that a few minutes ago several teenagers carrying signs saying 'Save Star Trek' appeared on Alameda Avenue across from the NBC building. One of the boys stepped forward, pointed the gun at the building, and shouted, 'Here's what we'll do if you don't renew Star Trek!' Witnesses say a peculiar beam emerged from the gun, melting the antenna and part of the roof of the NBC building. The boy dropped the gun, and the teenagers scattered in all directions."

All around the studio people were staring at one another and growing paler by the moment. The newscaster continued, "A late bulletin from the police states that they have confiscated the weapon, but cannot identify it. None of the teen-



agers involved have been apprehended, and witnesses disagree as to the description of the boy who did the shooting. Meanwhile, on the political trail..."

Penny snapped off the radio, and for a moment there was dead silence. Then everyone began talking at once. Kirk took the opportunity to speak into the communicator. "Scotty, did you hear that?"

"Aye, Captain. I can get a fix on that phaser and destroy it."

"Good work."

"But Captain, we've got to pull you back in the next five minutes, before the anomaly shifts. And I've got three gentlemen here very anxious to go home."

"Right, Scotty. Set it up, and we'll get onto the platform. Kirk out."

The big man was trying to restore order, but once he did there were still the lights to be adjusted, and the minutes were ticking away.

"Two minutes, Captain," murmured Spock.

Kirk suggested, "Why don't we all get on the platform, and then you can adjust the lights on Spock."

"Good idea," said the big man, and Kirk breathed a sigh of relief.

They stepped forward, but just at that moment the boy who had been with the group of tourists came running up. "Mr. Spock! I want your autograph!"

"Whatever for?" was Spock's reaction.

"Please, Mr. Spock!" The boy held out a book and pen to him.

"Give it to him, Spock!" said Kirk. "Hurry!"

"What shall I write?"

"Your signature!" said McCoy. "And get on the platform."

Spock scribbled something, and took his place beside Kirk. "Thirty seconds," he whispered.

"The light's okay now," said the big man. "Let's shoot it."

The boy was staring at his autograph book. "Hey! How do you pronounce this?" he demanded.

"Xtmpsrqzntwlf," replied Spock.

"Quiet on the set! Lights! Camera! Action!"

The people watching the scene being shot were later to ask one another if at that moment there didn't seem to appear a slight shimmer about the three figures, as if the transporter really worked. And then, the Captain stepped forward, just as the script called for, and said...

"Gene, you will never believe where we've just been!"

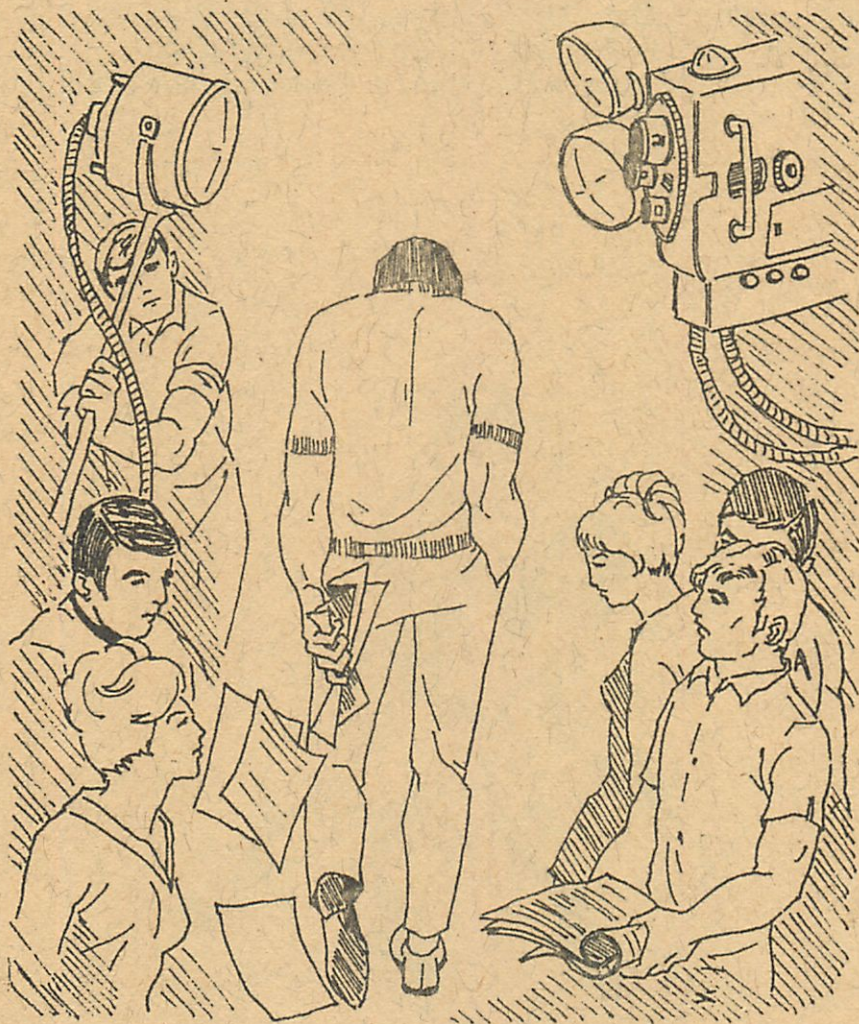
"Cut!"

It was almost a sob. "That's it! Forget it! I've had it! I can't take any more today!"

The big man slowly crossed the room, people clearing an aisle for him in sympathetic silence. The three men on the platform stared after him in bewilderment.

"Now what would make him do that?" asked the Captain.

"Search me," replied the Vulcan. "Just tired, I guess."



* * * * *

* ACKNOWLEDGMENTS *

* * * * *

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You are receiving SPOCKANALIA
because:

- () You contributed
- () You helped/encouraged
- () We trade...or would like to
- () You paid cash
- () You are Rick Carter
- () You do not compute
- () You won't tell me where ya got them ears
- () You are a Klingon plot
- () You purchased a fraudulent patent from Harcourt Fenton Mudd, and this is a consolation prize
- () Your sehlat ate my tribble, and I'm getting back at you
- () You are a multi-tentacled being with vast mental powers
- () You are a _____ Romulan _____ Klingon _____ NBC
_____ strange, alien spy
- () You know what plomeek is
- () You were programmed by Harry Mudd
- () You're madly in love with Ensign Chekov, and aspirin doesn't help
- () You are a Security man, and we want to add this rare Terran volume to your estate
- () You like Beta-5 snobbery
- () You're the Captain's Woman, 'til the Captain says you're not

